

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 56.—No. 5.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Twelfth of the Series of SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES will take place on SATURDAY, Feb. 9, 1878. The programme will include: Oboe Concerto, No. 2 (Handel); The Eroica Symphony (Beethoven); Introduction to 3rd Act of *Meistersinger* (Wagner). Vocalists—Miss Redeker and Mr Santley. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Stalls, for a Single Concert, in Area or Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, in Area or Gallery, One Shilling (all exclusive of admission to the Palace). Admission to Concert-room, for non-Stallholders, Sixpence.

MM. LUDWIG and DAUBERT'S CHAMBER CONCERTS, at the ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT-ROOM, on THURSDAYS, Feb. 7, March 21, April 11, and May 9, at Half-past Eight.

MM. LUDWIG and DAUBERT'S CHAMBER CONCERT, THURSDAY, Feb. 7. Programme: Quartet, D major, No. 21 (Mozart); Pianoforte Quartet, in G minor, Op. 60 (Brahms); String Quartet, in C sharp minor, Op. 131 (Beethoven). Songs by Beethoven and Schubert. Pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Violins—Messrs J. Ludwig, Van Praag; Viola—Mr B. Zerbini; Violoncello—Herr Daubert. Vocalist—Mr W. Shakespeare. Conductor—Mr ZERBINI. Stalls (subscription for the four Concerts), 15s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling; at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mr J. LUDWIG, 16, Fulham Place, Maida Hill; Mr H. DAUBERT, 1A, Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL. WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mrs Osgood, and Miss Mary Davies, Miss Orridge and M^{me} Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—M^{me} Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; tickets, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s., of Austin, St James's Hall: the usual agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street, W.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W. FOURTH SESSION, 1877-8.—MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, Feb. 4, 1878. (1.) Paper by the Rev. J. HELMORE, M.A.: "Suggestions for a more Expeditious Mode of Writing the Time Notes in Music." (2.) Communication by C. J. BLAKLEY, Esq., "Respecting a Point in the Theory of Brass Instruments." Chair taken at 4.30; Paper at 5. JAMES HIGGS, Hon. Sec. 9, Torrington Square, W.C.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MDME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS begs to announce a Series of FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL and VOCAL CONCERTS, under the direction of Mr WEIST HILL. Morning Concerts: TUESDAY next, Feb. 5, and TUESDAYS, March 5, April 30, May 28, at Three o'clock. Evening Concert: WEDNESDAY, June 26, at Eight o'clock. The orchestra will comprise 90 eminent performers selected from the two Italian Opera and Crystal Palace Orchestras. Subscription tickets for the Five Concerts—Sofa and Balcony Stalls, Two Guineas. Single tickets—Sofa and Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Stalls and Balcony, 5s.; Area, 2s. 6d. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of the usual agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

ERNEST DURHAM will give his First PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at STEINWAY HALL, on WEDNESDAY, Feb. 20, at Three. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 1s.; at usual Agents.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—President, Sir JULIUS BENEDIKT. Founder and Director, HERR SCHUBERT. Twelfth Season, 1878. The prospectus will be issued on Feb. 15. The first CONCERT will take place at the LANGHAM HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, Feb. 27. (F. Schubert's Compositions). The Society's Concerts and Soirées afford excellent opportunities to rising artists to make their *début* in public. Full particulars on application to 244, Regent Street. H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

"MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" and "STELLA VALSE."
MR IGNACE GIBSONE will play his celebrated "MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" and his brilliant Valse, "STELLA," at Mr Welby-Wallace's Concert, at Altrincham, on Feb. 4.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP" and "THE GLAD SUNSHINE."
MISS TERESA BONINI will sing BENEDIKT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new Song, "THE GLAD SUNSHINE," at the Town Hall, Wisbeach, on Thursday, Feb. 7.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—Mr CARL ROSA begs to announce a Season of Opera, commencing MONDAY, FEB. 11. And following days.

Principal Artists:
Miss JULIA GAYLORD,
M^{lle} MARIE FECHTER
(Of the Opera Comique, Paris, her first appearance in England),
Miss GEORGINA BURNS
(Her first appearance in London),
Miss CORA STUART,
Miss JOSEPHINE YORKE,
Miss CLARA MERIVALE
(Her first appearance in London),
Mrs AYNLEY COOK,
and
M^{me} BLANCHE COLE.

Mr JOSEPH MAAS
(Principal Tenor of the Kellogg Opera Company, America),
Mr J. W. TURNER,
Mr CHARLES LYALL,
Mr LUDWIG,
Mr SMALLE,
Mr F. H. CELLI,
Mr H. W. DODD,
Mr AYNLEY COOK,
and
Mr Fred. C. PACKARD.

Full Band, Chorus, and Ballet.
Conductor—Mr CARL ROSA.

Leader—Mr CARRODUS.
Stage Manager and Chorus Master—Mr GILBERT H. BETJEMANN.
Prompter—Mr W. J. PETRE.

The Orchestra will include the following distinguished artists: Messrs Carrodus, Pollitzer, Parker, Burnett, E. Howell, Reynolds, Hird, Dubrug, Tyler, Hutchings, Rawlins, Macgrath, and Miss Lockwood.

MONDAY, FEB. 11.

And Every Evening till further notice,

NICOLA's celebrated Comic Opera,
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Adapted specially for this Company from Mosenthal's version by Henry Hersee. The Incidental Ballet executed by Miss Josephine Warren and the Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mrs Aynsley Cook. The Costumes, after designs by Charles Lyall, by Mr and Mrs Stinchcombe, and Mr Coombs. The Properties by Mr Goddard, Birmingham. New Scenery by Mr Hall.

In preparation, IGNAZ BRULL'S Two Act Opera,

THE GOLDEN CROSS.

Libretto by Mosenthal. Specially adapted for this Company by John P. Jackson. Performed with exceptional success in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, and all the principal cities of Germany and Austria.

Also, Sir STERNDALE BENNETT'S

MAY QUEEN,
Specially adapted for this Company by Arthur Baidon.

Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.0.

Boxes from £1 11s. 6d. to £3 3s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, One Shilling. Seats may be secured at the principal Librarians; and at the Box Office from Ten to Five daily.

JOSEPH D. MACLAREN, Acting Manager and Treasurer.

Just Published.

NEW SONG.—"A MESSAGE FROM MY LADY FAIR."
Composed expressly for Mr Welby-Wallace by IGNAZ GIBSONE. London: HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

MR WELBY-WALLACE will sing IGNAZ GIBSONE'S last most successful new Song, "A MESSAGE FROM MY LADY FAIR," at Altrincham, Cheshire, Feb. 4.

MR WELBY-WALLACE (Tenor), of the Crystal Palace, and Hallé's Gentlemen's Concerts, &c., &c., requests that all communications concerning ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio, Concerts, or Opera, may be addressed to care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Bülowian Bulletins.

SOPS FOR RUBINSTEIN: STONES FOR ROSSINI AND GOUNOD.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The following were among the explosives fired off by the redoubtable Doctor during his late sojourn in Glasgow:—

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

BULLETIN No. 1.

It has appeared to the Musical Direction of these Concerts, and after careful rehearsal, that the Ballet Music from *Mosé in Egitto* is scarcely worthy of the intelligent appreciation evinced by the public in the selections hitherto produced. They, therefore, substitute Rubinstein's Ballet Music from *The Demon* (first performance in this country).

15th December, 1877.

BULLETIN No. 2.

After careful rehearsal, Gounod's Ballet Music à la Watteau, (from *Cinq-Mars*) having been found unworthy of the Classical Concert programmes, Rubinstein's Ballet Music from *The Demon* has been substituted.

18th December, 1877.

Having already listened both to Rossini's ballet music from *Mosé in Egitto* and Gounod's from *Cinq-Mars* at the Crystal Palace, had I been in Glasgow, I for one should not have regretted the change, if only for the sake of the opportunity which would have been afforded me of satisfying my curiosity as to the effect of the following extraordinary passages, occurring in Rubinstein's *Demon* music:—

No. 1.

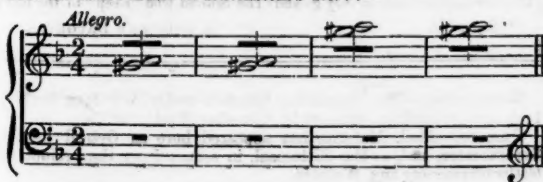


No. 2.



Their effect, resulting from the tone-quality of the instruments employed and the manner of their disposition in the orchestra, has been pronounced by Dr von Bülow to be "infinitely beautiful; quite Beethovenian in fact."

Now, I do not question the soundness of Dr von Bülow's judgment, but I wonder what he would say to the following passage from the ballet music in Rubinstein's *Nero*:—



In the opera it is repeated *ad nauseam*, on various degrees of the scale, and with small modification. To satisfy curiosity, I should like to hear it for once; but I think it would be only for once, for I can imagine no tone-quality or "disposition" of instruments which would render it bearable. True, it does duty as an accompaniment to a band of jugglers, and is therefore perhaps intended to be suggestive of swallowing swords and breathing out fire; but I ask, is this to be accounted as music? and, if it is, to what are we coming?

Brr.

"To what are we coming?" is good; but to what we are going back—Chaos—would be better. Dr Hans von Bülow's observations about Rossini are simply impertinent. We do not greatly care for the ballet music in *Cinq-Mars*, but compared with that of the *Demon* and *Nero* it stands as harmony to cacophony. D. P.

MADRID.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso was inaugurated by *Il Barbiere*, with Signora Donadio as Rosina. The lady made a most favourable impression, being loudly and frequently applauded. One paper writes of her: "Her voice is as gentle as the sound of water running over the sand, as limpid as a five-dollar piece, and almost as extensive as the Spanish foreign debt. We might say that it is a brilliant butterfly, soaring to the clouds, and leaving in its wake a long series of celestial sounds. We confess that we never before knew such a Rosina, and never before witnessed so enthusiastic and spontaneous an ovation." The same journal, *El nuevo Figaro*, is highly complimentary, also, to Sig. Ardit. "Under his bâton," it observes, "all the members of the orchestra are blended into one personality, full of inspiration, and sending forth magnificent sounds of supreme delicacy, from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*. Sig. Ardit's rare natural gifts, and well-merited reputation, carry with them, as they ought to do, their weight with all the members of the band, causing the latter to lose the character of mere separate performers, which generally predominates among such bodies, to the detriment of the general union and general homogeneity. Ardit is an artist possessing heart and talent, who has music in his soul, who seeks and finds surprising effects and marvellous gradations of colour in the instrumentation. How many times have we not heard *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*! Well, we appeal to the rectitude of the public to say whether, till the night of last Monday, the 21st January, we ever fully enjoyed the exquisite beauties of Rossini's immortal score, etc." Sig. Ardit divided with Signora Donadio the applause and calls of the evening. Sig. Vidal, Almagro, was unluckily indisposed, a fact from which his performance naturally suffered. M. Souvestre was an amusing Figaro. Señor Miller, Don Basilio, was justly applauded for his rendering of the "Calunnia" song. In compliance with the urgent prayer of the management, Sig. Ronconi consented, at the last moment, to appear in the small character of Don Bartolo. Ora.

[What a pity it was not the absolute Giorgio Ronconi—in which case we might believe every word the Spanish journals cited by our correspondent say. "Oca," *sui generis*, must be more or less of a simpton.—D. P.]

A QUARTET BY VERDI.

(From "The Examiner.")

Meeting with Verdi as the composer of a quartet is like seeing a trout travelling along a dusty highway. One's first feeling is one of surprise at the *maestro's* boldness in forsaking his own proper element. What that element is, Europe has known for the last quarter of a century. To deny genius to the author of *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* would be a sign of obtuseness or narrow-minded partisanship. But this genius is perhaps less of the purely musical cast than is the case with other great composers. The dramatic element enters largely into it, and not always in its most artistic form. Take, for instance, one of the most popular instances that can be chosen—the "Miserere" in *Il Trovatore*. In its connection with the situation, the solemn strains of the death-chant and Manrico's passionate love-song are absolutely overpowering. But when we come to analyse the music *quid* music, we find it to be neither of the highest artistic type nor yet strikingly original. And the same may broadly be said of Verdi's musical conceptions generally. They want dramatic surroundings, the glitter of the stage, and the beautiful voices of Italian singers, to have their full effect. If we look into the structure of his *ensembles*, or even of his individual tunes, we miss the organic growth, the pathetic depth of Beethoven, or Schubert, or Wagner. Under these circumstances it was, we repeat it, a bold experiment on Verdi's part to divest himself of all extraneous means of assistance, and enter the field of music in its purest—one might say, most helpless—condition. Even the charm which the variety of orchestral colour may convey to the most trivial tune is abandoned in the quartet. Instead of horns, and clarinets, and bassoons, and kettle-drums, there are here four fiddles, pure and simple—fiddles of different sizes and slightly varying in tonal character, but fiddles still. Here, then, at last, the musician may show what melodious invention and contrapuntal art can do when thrown on their own resources. These preliminary remarks were necessary to make the reader appreciate the amount of praise implied by the very favourable reception unanimously accorded to Verdi's first attempt at chamber music at last Monday's Popular Concert. It would be too much to say that the new quartet takes rank with similar efforts by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Schumann. Neither would the composer be gratified by such praise. He does not wish to abandon his Italian, nor yet wholly his operatic characteristics. In short, he desires, first of all, to remain Verdi, and in this he has fully succeeded. The form of his work is shaped after classical models, and displays in parts surprisingly good workmanship, but the melodies introduced are distinctly of the type familiarized by the composer's dramatic works. The least satisfactory of the four is perhaps the first and longest movement, *Allegro E* minor, showing a slight tendency towards diffuseness, which, however, does not reach the stage of actual dullness. A remarkable feature is a charming *codetta* which appears in the first part, and again towards the close of the movement, shortly before the *coda* proper. The theme of the second movement (*andantino*) has the character of a dance played very slowly; it indeed resembles one of Chopin's mazurkas tolerably closely. With this main theme two, or more correctly speaking, two and a-half episodes are skilfully interwoven, the general character of the piece being that of graceful tranquillity. The next following movement (*E* minor, *scherzo prestissimo*) is, on the other hand, buoyant with life throughout. There is something of Rossini's humour in the obstinate hammering of the *staccato E*. The cantabile of the trio which appears in the somewhat remote key of A major is in pleasant contrast with the wild rhythm of the *scherzo*, and here we notice an almost vocal treatment of the instruments, again highly characteristic of the author. The *fuga*, which stands in the place of the final *allegro*, is child's-play if compared with the grandly compact structure of Bach's or Handel's fugues. But criticism drawn from parallels and comparisons is invidious, and, judged on its own merits, Verdi's movement fully atones by liveliness and humour for what it may lack with regard to grave scholarship. Mme Neruda, Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, who rendered the work to perfection, ought to have a share in the warm applause awarded to Verdi's quartet on its first performance in England. We deliberately write "first" performance, for the playing of the work by all the strings of the band at the Crystal Palace was little more than one of those curious eccentricities by which Mr Manns occasionally loves to startle the admirers of his usual taste and judgment.

[We reprint the foregoing with pleasure, although unable to subscribe to all the opinions it expresses.—D. J.]

DETROIT (CANADA).—A Beethoven Festival recently held here included Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille*, selections from *Fidelio*, and *Die Ruinen von Athen*, with the *Allegretto* from the Eighth Symphony.

MARIE ROZE IN THE "STATES."

(From the "Philadelphia Times," January 9.)

Marie Roze, who made her first appearance in America last evening at the Academy of Music as Leonora in *La Favorita*, justifies the reputation that has preceded her. She is a beautiful woman, a well-trained singer, and an accomplished artist. Her voice is singularly fresh, pure, and sweet, and she uses it with the utmost simplicity and grace of manner, never attempting more than she can do, but doing all that she attempts, not only with directness and accuracy, but with entire sympathy and intelligent expression. Mme Roze is French by birth and training, her training being in the best French school, both lyric and dramatic. She slights none of her work, slurs none of her notes, never forgets her stage business, which is always delicate and graceful, and, in short, is a thoroughly trained artist, as well as a fresh and most delightful singer. Her rendering of the tender and passionate music of *La Favorita* was altogether charming, and though the audience was rather cold and critically disposed at her appearance, it yielded to the charm of her graceful presence and pure manner, and her reception at the close of the beautiful third act was cordial to enthusiasm. The house was well filled with a fashionable audience, and Mr Strakosch has every reason for satisfaction in the prospects of the season.

THE AZURE'S SONG.*

I exult on high, In the cloudless sky, That covers the earth like a canopy— Where 'mid golden beams, Day enthroned dreams Of time's mystic reign and eternity.	With what pride I rest On our Sovereign's breast E'en since first she came to her true and brave— Diamonds o'er me blaze But I scorn their rays [gave. The Blue Riband its fame to the Order
And when sunlights fade, Then I densely shade [night— The robes of the fair and majestic Robes, all fleck'd and bound With star jewels round Till their purples rare flash with diamond light.	Then 'neath snowy lid Do I lie half hid When their lovely eyes blondinas ope. They, of golden tress, Who a spell possess, [cope. With which love defies wisdom's self to
'Mid the waters deep, I encradled sleep, [storms, While for battle meet winter's mighty And the corpses ride, O'er the surges' tide That to watcher's feet bear those shroudless forms.	All ablaze I shine In the sapphire mine, [a crown— Where gems meet are found to enrich In these gems I deck Beauty's slender neck, And her arms around are my lustrous thrown.
Too, my azures bright Gleam with tender light [sea— When all hush'd is strife on the summer As joy wreathes the hours, With his radiant flowers, [ecstasy. And youth visions life, with hope's	If her small white hand Wear a tiny band [quoises pale— Plac'd as troth plight there—of tur- In that ring I live Prompting trust to give [fail!" The assurance fair—"His love will not
While love breatheth low His blent strains of woe [his gaze And of prayer most fond, till beneath The listeners' blush Turns to deepest flush [lays. As the hearts respond to the pleader's	My breath tints the flower Cull'd in parting hour [and sigh When sad hearts draw near and with sob Gasp out that fell word Which none e'er yet heard, Without trembling fear, and deep agony.
'Mong the blooms I dwell— Many a fragile bell Is my perfumed couch—where the brown bees hum, Yielding sense of bliss With their wings' light kiss, [come. That have zephyr touch, as they go and	And for memory's brow Love is weaving now [hue Those buds which I steep in the heaven's That when wither'd all They may still recall [but true! The beloved who "sleep" to the lone

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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

KREUZNACH.—The Florentine Quartet, under Herr Jean Becker, took part in the third concert for Chamber Music.

PRAGUE.—Mad. Materna has appeared here as Ortrud at the Stadttheater, and, at the Rittersaal, in scenes from the prelude to *Götterdämmerung* and *Walküre*.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Since my last letter there have been five performances at Mr Hallé's concerts of *Harold in Italy* by Berlioz, and of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Perhaps no more characteristic example of the French composer exists. Full of beautiful passages and original thought, it lacks the continuity and coherence of the great works of the mighty masters. Elaboration is often more conspicuous than spontaneity, and we are often startled by effects without being impressed or charmed. The viola solo, which is so important a feature of this symphony, was admirably played by Herr Straus. At this concert Mr Hallé gave a splendid performance of Schubert's *Fantasia in C*, Op. 15, a work he had more than once played with Liszt's orchestral accompaniment; but never before here as the composer had written it. Two singers new to Manchester, Miss Heathfield and Mr Bridson, sang, and the voices of both were admired. A more magnificent performance of Beethoven's 9th Symphony than that of last week was never heard in Manchester, and I venture to doubt whether the exacting colossal work has ever been heard to greater advantage in this country. The honours were due in the first place to the orchestra, but the choir gave a good account of themselves, and did great credit to the chorus master, Mr Ed. Hecht. The principal singers were Miss José Sherrington, Miss von Arnim, Mr Cummings, and Mr Santley. Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* was given in the second part of the concert, and before the symphony Mr Santley, who was in splendid voice, sang Handel's "Nasce al bosco" with incomparable finish of style.

At the Concert Hall this week an interesting concert was given. Mozart's "Parisian" was the symphony of the evening. Signor Piatti played two movements of a concerto by Molique and a *Nocturno* and *Tarantelle* of his own. Mme Patey and Mr Shakespeare were the singers.

On the same evening (Monday) at a concert given by the Misses Clelland, the second part of the programme was devoted to the works of Manchester composers.

At Mr De Jong's last concert, Iris's songs and an orchestral arrangement of the war songs of Europe were the attractions. Miss Walton, Miss Cummings, Mr McGuckin, and Signor Brocolini were the singers. For Saturday next Mr De Jong announces the reappearance of M. Wieniawski. Here is the programme of Mr Hallé's concert for this week.

Overture, <i>Prometheus</i>	Beethoven.
Air, "O du die einst," <i>Iphigenia</i> , Mdlle Thekla Friedländer	Gluck.
Grand Concerto for two violins, in B minor (first time), Mme Norman-Néruda and Herr Straus	Spohr.
Air, "Ingeborg's Klage," <i>Friðjof</i> , Mdlle Thekla Friedländer	Max Bruch.
Grand Symphony, in G minor, Op. 167 (first time).	Raff.
Overture, <i>Le Chaperon Rouge</i>	Boieldieu.
Solo Violin, Mme Norman-Néruda { "Cavatina," in D	Raff.
Néruda, { "Tambourin" M.	L'Eclair.
"Serenade," in D minor (Violoncello <i>obbligato</i> , M. E. Vieuxtemps)	Volkmann.
Songs, Mdlle Thekla Friedländer { "Sei nur still."	Frank (1641).
War March, <i>Athalie</i> { "Aufträge" ...	Schumann.
Manchester, Jan. 30.	Mendelssohn.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Richard Wüerst's opera, *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, has been produced at the Royal Operahouse. It was well put on the stage, and the performers acquitted themselves fairly. In the third act, Herr Taglioni supplied a divertissement: *The Judgment of Paris*. In expectation of a domestic event, Mad. Mallinger has temporarily withdrawn from her professional duties.

NAPLES.

(From a Roving Correspondent.)

Mad. Adelina Patti has enchanted the Neapolitans as she enchants everyone. She selected *La Traviata* for her first appearance at the San Carlo, which was cramped to suffocation. Sig. Lauro Rossi's *Cleopatra* was not a success.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The success of Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts continues—and, what is more, deserves to continue. On Wednesday St James's Hall was again crowded. The vocalists were the same as at the last concert, with the addition of Mr Edward Lloyd, who had quite recovered from his temporary indisposition, and won unanimous encores for Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" and the new ballad, "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," by the composer of the now famous song, "Nancy Lee." A new song by Blumenthal, entitled "Life," exquisitely rendered by Mme Antoinette Sterling, was re-demanded; and Mr John Barnett's "Stay at Home," introduced at the last concert, was again sung by Mr Sims Reeves with his incomparable taste and feeling. Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Misses Mary Davies, Orridge, Messrs Maybrick and Santley, the other vocalists, gave several well-known ballads with the accustomed success, and were "called" or "encored," according to the "humour of it." Mme Arabella Goldard played Jules de Sivrai's humorous and exceedingly unaccountable *Fantasia* on airs from *Fra Diavolo* (in the conduct of which "Jules de" gives himself airs more Sivraish than Auberish); and Thalberg's Irish stew on succulent bits from *Don Pasquale*, which always made us wonder what offence Gaetano could ever have given to Sigismond. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker, gave valuable aid, and the accompanist was that able Proteus, Sidney Naylor, who can change himself from anything that he is to anything that he isn't, and back again, *impromptu*.

THE ROVER'S FAREWELL.*

DUET.

Oh! Love, must you leave me? It seems but a day
Since you told me how soon we must part;
And yet ev'ry moment, ere passing away,
Has left its sad trace in my heart!
I try to be brave, but the warm tears will flow
When I think of thee far on the main,
And a voice seems to whisper in accents of woe
That I never shall see thee again!

Yes, Love, I must leave thee, the moment draws nigh;
My barque softly rocks in the bay;
But soon o'er the Ocean's proud waves, mounting high,
She will bear me to lands far away.
Yet cheer thee, my darling, and dry ev'ry tear,
Though far o'er the billows I roam;
With stout hearts around me, I know not a fear,
And the angels will guard thee at home.

Oh! think { of the vows we have breathed o'er and o'er,
I will think {
Remember { my } ne'er-changing love;
 { thy }
And e'en if { my } barque ne'er return to the shore,
 { thy }
We shall meet in the bright land above.
Then farewell, my own one, { and wish me { God speed!
 { I wish thee {
And, believe me, in weal or in woe,
Thy image shall never fade out of my heart,
My darling, wherever { I } go!
 { you }
* Copyright.

LEWIS NOVRA.

VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The management of the Operahouse has begged Joseph Hellmesberger to remain at the head of the orchestra. Hellmesberger has consented. At the last meeting of the Wiener Männergesangsverein, the chairman, Dr Olschbaur, proposed that, in consequence of the imminent closing of the Währinger Cemetery, the Association should undertake the responsibility of having Schubert's remains removed to the Central Cemetery, and of restoring the Schubert Monument, the cost to be defrayed out of the Schubert Fund. The resolution was carried, as was also a rider, to the effect that the Association should support the proposal made by Herr Dumba, in the Reichsrath, that, in erecting the Arcades in the Central Cemetery, special room should be reserved for artists and literary men. The Schubert Fund owes its existence to the surplus of the capital subscribed for the Monument.

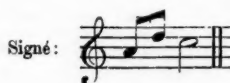
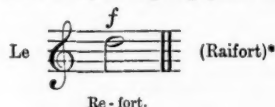
MILAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. Gounod's *Cinq-Mars* has not been fortunate at the Scala. In the opinion of the critics, the composer's fame will lose none of its splendour, but will certainly not be enhanced by the production of the work, which, though it might make the reputation of an inferior musician, is not a *chef-d'œuvre*, nor worthy of him who wrote the music of *Faust*. Among the causes assigned for the comparative failure of *Cinq-Mars* may be mentioned, firstly, the size of the theatre, which is too vast for compositions of this kind; and, next, the generally inefficient manner in which the opera was put upon the stage. The scenery, with the exception of the Forest of St Germain, was poor; the costumes only so-so; and the ballet, ineffective. The artists were Signore Fosca, De Vere, Signori Maini, Faentini-Galassi, Viganotti, and Saini. On the second night, the part of Marion Delorme, sung by Signora De Vere, was cut out, as was, also, the dancing in the second act. After the opera on the first night the orchestra played the "*Inno Reale*." The ladies, who were mourning for Victor Emmanuel, stood up, their example being followed by the whole house, including the musicians. This was succeeded by tremendous cheers for the second king and the first queen of Italy. The hymn was twice encoired and twice repeated in the midst of indescribable enthusiasm. Sig Auteri's *Negriero*, announced in the prospectus as the "*opera d'obbligo*," has been withdrawn by the composer, who does not possess sufficient faith in the artists entrusted with the chief parts. Paccini's *Saffo*, and the *Fosca* of Gomez, will be substituted.

ANOTHER RIDDLE BY MRS S. C.

Quelle note, bien lancée, est la plus piquante dans la gamme ?



A. D. C.

[This *quodlibet*, or *emphigouri*, has already appeared more than once in the *Musical World*; but we reproduce it with equanimity.—D. B.]

ON THE BRINK.*

(For Music.)

The sun was setting in flush of light, The day was waiting for kiss of night, And over the river a golden track Its pathway wove to the sky and back. Two watchers fresh from the city's din, Its breath of poison and stamp of sin, Sat by the river, and watched the flight Of fading glory and golden light.	"Oh mother!" she sighed, as the golden skies Grew brighter before her longing eyes, "The way to Heaven seems strangely near, Along that pathway so bright and clear. Oh! let me seek it, for earth is sad, And full of joys I have never had; The love and beauty I see in dreams In Heaven alone to linger seems!"
One a woman, with never a trace Of girlhood's beauty on girlhood's face; The other a child, with the old sad stain Of sin unshared on its brow of pain. And both were homeless, and worn, and sad, With hearts unused to be gay or glad; Yet the childish eyes that were fixed above Were bright as those that have learnt to love.	The woman frowned at the eager face: "You, too, would seek for that happy place; Yet once you tread on the golden track, No angel or mortal can bring you back." A low, sad cry to Heaven has flown, And a weary heart has sought a home; For light has vanished, and darkness come, [—alone! But the woman stands on the brink "RITA,"

* Copyright.

INNSBRUCK.—The *Requiem* of Rheinberger, in memory of the Germans who fell in the war of 1870 and 1871, was recently performed here in honour of Andreas Hofer.

* For the uninitiated roast beef eaters of Old England, Raifort is the French for "Horseradish."

Lucca.

MARETZEK V. LUCCA.

Suit instituted for purpose of restraining Baroness de Rahde, better known as Pauline Lucca, from taking proceedings to recover £3,000, deposited with Seligman, bankers, London, by plaintiff, Maretzek, for due performance of contract entered into with Lucca in 1872. Contract was that Lucca should perform at the Academy of Music, New York, 100 nights for £20,000, besides having a certain portion of nett receipts. £3,000, lodged at Seligman's, to secure payment of salary, was to form part of payments for last part of engagement. Contract was subsequently modified, and plaintiff alleged that Lucca had been paid whole amount due, and he was entitled to return of deposit, whereas defence set up for Lucca was that the £3,000 formed part of amount to which she was entitled. Since institution of the suit, Lucca had been married to Baron Emil Maria von Wallhoffen, and was now resident abroad. Answer had been put in for her, and notice given by plaintiff for her cross-examination. She did not, however, appear, and decree was asked against her in default. Whitaker and Hornell appeared as counsel. Vice-Chancellor made order in plaintiff's favour, and directed that costs be paid by Baron von Wallhoffen. His Lordship observed that the Baron, deriving benefit of Mdme Lucca's singing, must also accept her liabilities.

T. DUFF SHORT.

MY COUNTRY'S CALL.*

My country, dear old England, Say can a man be found, Throughout those free-born islands, That loves not British ground, From peasant's lowly dwelling To high ancestral hall? And would they not, if menaced, Rise at their country's call?	My country, dear old England, No climes with thee compare; Thy men are all courageous, Thy women all are fair. Thy sires with hair of silver, And matrons, one and all, Send forth their sons in armour, Rous'd at their country's call.
My country, dear old England, Land of the brave and free, How many loyal subjects Would nobly die for thee! With those brave hearts undaunted, Britannia ne'er can fall; At duty's voice they proudly Rise at their country's call.	

Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

LISEON.—The Teatro Recreios has been burnt down.

MARSEILLES.—At the funeral service celebrated for Victor Emanuel, Faure sang his own "Pie Jesu," and Diaz de Soria, Stradella's "Pieta, Signore."

HANOVER.—The concert in aid of the monument to Carl Ludwig Fischer, Royal Chapelmaster, was a success.

DRESDEN.—Schubert's *Hänsliche Krieg* has been produced at the Theatre Royal.GÖRLITZ.—At the Musical Festival on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th June, Herr Kiel's *Christus*, the finale from *Euryanthe*, the "Hallelujah" from *The Messiah*, with choral pieces by Brahms and Rubinstein, will be performed.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a notice of *L'Ombra* at Her Majesty's Theatre, says:—"Miss Purdy, the representative of Gina, has one of the most beautiful mezzo-soprano voices ever heard. She sings, too, with much expression; and has only to develop the histrionic talent which she no doubt [doubtless] possesses to become a most valuable acquisition, whether to the English or the Italian operatic stage." [Glad tidings!—D. B.]

THE Crown Prince of Germany, after visiting the Edinburgh University, went to Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley's class-room at Park Place, where, after a performance on the organ, the Prince accepted a copy of the orchestral score of the "Edinburgh" March, a photograph of the organ, and an illuminated copy of the words and music sung at the inauguration of the Prince Consort Memorial in 1876. His Imperial Highness also inscribed his name under his portrait in Sir Herbert Oakeley's album.

[This was wonderfully kind on the part of the Crown Prince of Germany; and it is to be hoped that he, in participation with the hideous vulture-feeding Muscovite, has not invited Austria to hide its head in the sands until France and England once more say, "Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs," and tell the three-headed despot Eagle that the French Revolution meant something more than "a song."—D. B.]

The Civil Service would-be Tenor.

C. S. OFFICE.
(Authentic Version.)



He is bored with this sort of work.



Has sung at many soirées with immense success.



Thinks that it is time that someone retired for his sake. Say Sims Reeves. Brilliant idea! Why is he so successful? It must be his luxuriant hair and black moustache.



Procures luxuriant hair and black moustache.



He appears,



Next morning. "Total absence of voice, education, style, and expression." He never thought of them.

The Civil Service Opera Singer.



He thinks opera singing very easy.



Knows that he would look well in tights.



Prepares for the stage.

Is ready with make-up box, wigs, armoury, costumes, and new name, *à la mode*.

Is introduced to an operative manager.

MANAGER.—Have you ever appeared in public?
C. S. S.—N-no, but I have the finest mahogany make-up box that—MANAGER.—Have you studied any operas?
C. S. S.—No; but I have the best assortment of wigs in—MANAGER.—Have you any voice?
C. S. S.—Oh! yes, my friends say that Sant—MANAGER.—Will you let me hear you?
C. S. S.—With pleasure.



MANAGER.—Have you a return ticket?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. (HADES).—We had not the honour to be acquainted with the Akhoond of Swat, and, therefore, cannot be expected to take the same interest in him as "C. B." We have known many Akhoonds (jolly fellows), but not the one of Swat.

BIRTHS.

On Friday, 18th January, at Addington House, Kilburn, the wife of JAMES CURRIE of a son.

On Thursday, 31st January, the wife of DESMOND L. RYAN, of a son.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, 12th January, at 100, Tredegar Road, E., HARRIET KENNION, the beloved wife of CARLTON HENRY BOYCE, aged 36 years, and for the past fifteen years the organist of the parish church of St Stephen, North Bow.

On Monday, 28th January, at Ventnor, after protracted suffering, in his 37th year, Mr A. D. MILES, A.R.A.M., Park Street, W., Professor of Music, for six years organist and choirmaster, St Mark's, Grosvenor Square, London (formerly, for many years, of St Mary's, Lutterworth), eldest son of Mr G. Miles, Osmaston Street, Derby.

Facsimile Autographs.

No. 6.



MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 4, 1878.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 57, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. WIENIAWSKI, L. RIES, STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.
SONGS, } "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" }—Mme SOPHIE LÖWE Beethoven.
} "Die Trommel gerühret" }
VARIATIONS, in C minor, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS Beethoven.

PART II.

ROMANCE in F, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—M. WIENIAWSKI Beethoven.
SONGS, } "An die Geliebte" }—Mme SOPHIE LÖWE Beethoven.
} "Mallied"
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, M. WIENIAWSKI, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.
Conductor Mr ZEBBINI.

TENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 2, 1878.

OCTET, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (first time)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, LUDWIG, WIENER, ZEBBINI, BURNETT, PEZZE, and PIATTI Gade.
SONG, "How peacefully the night"—Mr SANTLEY Angelina.
BALLADE, in A flat, for pianoforte alone—Herr IGNAZ BRÜLL Chopin.
ANDANTE LENTO, for violoncello, from 2nd Concerto—Signor PIATTI Piatti.
SONG, "The Erl King"—Mr SANTLEY Schubert.
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. IGNAZ BRÜLL, STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI Schumann.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

THE PARIS GRAND OPERA FROM 1783 TO 1786.

THE *Journal Officiel* lately published a curious article on the Grand Opera, Paris, from 1783 to 1786, taking its information from a manuscript account drawn up by the management of the period. This account shows us each of the regular frequenters of the theatre in his or her proper place, and enables us to form an exact notion of the public who, on the eve of the Revolution, were accustomed to meet one another at the performances of the great lyric institution. The aristocracy of birth still held the largest place there, but, by its side, many plebeian names were beginning to represent the aristocracy of wealth. The volume furnishes us with a complete list of all the boxes let, together with the names of the subscribers, names mostly belonging to great and well-known families.

The list is divided into two parts, one for the boxes on the Queen's Side (to the spectator's left), and the other to the King's Side (to the spectator's right). The ground tier on the Queen's side contained eleven boxes differing greatly in size and bearing the eccentric designations of "crachoirs," "timbales," "entre-colonnes," and "chaises de poste." * These boxes varied in price

* "Spittoons," "timbale," "inter-columnar boxes," and "post-chaises."

from 600 to 6000 francs each. Some were let to one person only, but the greater number had two, three, or four, co-renters. Many of the occupants of these boxes bore historic names. The Marshal de Noailles shared a box costing 8000 francs with the Duc de Nivernais. The Marshal de Soubise had a "crachoir" of 3600 francs all to himself. The Prince de Luxembourg had the quarter of a "timbale." Another "timbale" was occupied by M. de la Ferté. It is entered "as a memorandum," which no doubt signifies that it was not charged for. M. de la Ferté represented towards the management of the Opera the Minister of the Department of Paris, and this fact explains the favour. The 6000 francs box (the "entre-colonnes") was shared by the Duc d'Harcourt and the Duchesse de Bouillon. The Duchesse de Villeroi had half of a "chaise de poste" at 1500 francs. On the same side of the house, the first tier comprised seven boxes varying in price from 3600 to 2400 francs. One alone was let to a single person. The rest were let in quarters. The Marquis de Montandrin, the Comtesse de Bussy, the Comte d'Argental, the Comte de la Ferrière, and the Duc de Praslin, were among the subscribers on this tier. The boxes, eight in number, on the second tier, were generally dearer than those on the first. There were two at 5000 francs each, while the others cost 3600, 3000, and 2400 francs apiece. The Princesse de Lamballe rented the quarter of a box at 3000 francs. The Comte de Morton-Chabillant was the sole occupant of a box of 5000 francs. The second at that price belonged to the Gentlemen of the Chamber. The Comtesse de Brienne, the Comte de Maillebris, and M. De la Borde, a banker, had each the quarter of a box. The Comte d'Angevillier, Director-General of Buildings, had a box for nothing. On the third tier, there were twenty boxes, the half of one of them being let to the Comte d'Egmont, while a quarter was held by the Duc de Luynes and a quarter by the Duc de Valentinois. In our days, we no longer find dukes on the third tier. The rents of the other boxes were 3600, 3000, 2500, and 2000 francs each. Among the subscribers were found not only dukes, as already stated, but princes, namely the Prince de Nassau and the Prince de Salins. We may mention, also, the Comtesse de Chabannais, the Comtesse de Montausier, the Comtesse de Peyre, the Baronne de Crussol, the Comte de Guiche, the Comte de Caraman, and the Comte de Bissy. Mlle de Duthé, a courtesan, celebrated for her luxury even more than her beauty, and then past her prime, had a quarter of box No 1, as did also the Chevalier de Montdetour and Mad de la Menardière, the fourth place being vacant. The boxes on the fourth tier numbered fourteen. Four, designated as "loges derrière le paradis" ("boxes behind the gallery") cost 2400, 1800, 1500, and 1200 francs respectively. The Maltese Ambassador had the quarter of a box at 1500 francs. Lastly, there were fifteen boxes on the fifth tier, four being known as "cinquièmes loges de face" ("centre boxes on the fifth tier.") The price of one of the latter was 1200 francs; that of one of the others, 1800, 1200, 800, or 600 francs. Among the subscribers we come across some whom we should never have expected to find so high up. The Vicomte de Choiseul, M de la Borde, the Marquis de Caraman, the Comte de Levis, the Comte de Chastelliers, and other persons of quality, took these boxes for a particular purpose.

On the King's Side, there were eleven boxes on the ground tier; seven, on the first; eight, on the second; eleven, on the third; fourteen, on the fourth; and fifteen, on the fifth, making a total of 71. Among the subscribers on the ground tier figured M Amelot, Secretary of State for the Department of Paris, who occupied a "crachoir" at 3600 francs; the Duc d'Orléans, who shared the "entre-colonnes" box, at 6000 francs, with the Duc de Choiseul. The Prince de Conty rented a "timbale" at 4000 francs. The Marquis d'Aumont, the Marquis de Polignac, M.

d'Aligre, M de Beaujon, and the Marquis de Ségur had each the half or the quarter of a box, "timbales" or "crachoirs." The Provost of the Traders (*Prévôt des Marchands*, or Mayor of Paris) occupied a "chaise de poste" at 1500 francs. On the first tier, the Danish Ambassador had the half of a box at 1500 francs, while the Princesse de Monaco paid 900 francs for the fourth of box No 8. The boxes of the second tier were much more sought after than those on the first. Among their occupants we find the Comte d'Artois, who rented two, at 3000 and 6000 francs respectively. The Marshal de Biron also had two, at 3000 francs each. He was an important personage at the Opera, supplying the soldiers for pieces which required a large number of supernumeraries. There were likewise very grand people on the third tier. Among them we find the Bailly de Breteuil, the Duc de Luxembourg, the Marquis de la Grange, the Maltese Ambassador, who, as we have seen, held a box on the other side of the house as well, the Prince de Conty, who rented a box of 2000 francs, the Prince de Deux-Ponts, who did the same, and the Prince de Condé who had one at 6000 francs. Maître Pot d'Auteuil, Notary to the Académie Royale de Musique, had the quarter of a box on this tier. The Municipality had one gratuitously on the fourth tier, as did M. Lenoir, the architect. On the fifth tier, we are astonished to find such subscribers as the Comte de Laval, the Comte d'Orsay, the Prince de Montbarrey, the Comte d'Houdetot, and the Duc de Montmorency.

The annual subscriptions for both sides amounted to 289,750 francs. The boxes unlet represented 41,450 francs. Had all the boxes in the house been let, they would have produced 321,200 francs a year. The free list contained about 200 names.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE students of the London Conservatory of Music gave a concert at St James's Hall on Thursday, January 24. The artists were Mesdames Ellen Booth, Helen Rice, Roy, E. Shield, and Darcey. Messrs Harris Trevor, Marre, Frith, Vernon Brett, Wilbye, and Wilbraham—vocalists; Messrs. Brunell, Green, and A. T. Brunett—pianists; Mr W. J. Markley—organist; Mr Frederick Chatterton—harpist; and M. Albert—violinist. Mr Lansdown Cottell and Mr W. J. Markley conducted. Amongst the vocal pieces were Randegger's song, "They say" (Miss Venie Roy); "Coming" by Mr Cottell; and "Oh, buy my flowers" by Wellington Guernsey (Miss Ellen Booth). Mr Vernon Brett in a song from Mr Cottell's opera, *The Archers*, Miss E. Darcey in Donizetti's "Il mio Fernando," and Mr Harris Trevor in Mr W. J. Markley's "When the sun sinks to rest," were much applauded. Mr Frederick Chatterton gave his harp solo on Irish melodies (encored). The concert was altogether successful.

A RECITAL of organ music was given by Mr W. T. Best (of Liverpool) in the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, on Monday, Jan. 28. The following pieces were splendidly played, and listened to with interest by a large audience.

Fantasia, F minor (Mozart); Andante Pastorale—the Pastoral Symphony from the oratorio, *The Light of the World* (A. S. Sullivan); Toccata con fuga, D minor (Bach); Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); Organ Concerto, C minor (Handel); Lied ohne Worte (F. Lux); March, A minor (W. T. Best); Finale, Grand Chœur, A major (Th. Salomé).

Mr Best was assisted by Miss Saidie Singleton, who rendered various sacred songs with care and intelligence (especially Mr Randegger's "Bow down Thine ear"), accompanied on the organ.

On Friday evening, January 25th, the birthday of Robert Burns, a "Commemoration Concert of National Songs of Scotland" was given in St James's Hall. The sons and daughters of "Auld Reekie" did not muster in such numbers as the occasion merited, but still the hall was well filled by, at all events, an enthusiastic audience. Mrs Osgood, Misses Frances Brooke and Coyte Turner, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Walter Clifford, Maybrick, and Santley, the vocalists, obtained applause, and "calls" and "encores" innumerable. Among the "encored" were Miss Frances Brooke after "Ye banks and braes" and "Castles in the air"; Mrs Osgood, after "Robin Adair"; Mme Antoinette Sterling, after "There was a lad was born in Kyle" and "A man's a man for a' that," both repeated; Mr Edward Lloyd, after "Of a'

the airs the wind can blow" and "Mary of Argyle"; Mr Maybrick, after "Afton Water"; and Mr Santley, "Mary Morrison." Mr Santley gave "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," of course, which particular song was asked for again; it was not given—but some other song in its place, which might not have been encored at all. Mr J. P. Clarke and the band of the Scots Guards gave selections of Scottish music. Solos by Mr. Parkin (clarinet), Mr Brocken (flute), and Mr Hardy (cornet). Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Sidney Naylor were the accompanists. Sir J. B. seems ubiquitous.

PROVINCIAL.

THE KENNEDYS IN GLASGOW.—Last week enormous audiences assembled in the City Hall to hear a series of three concerts, given by the famous Scottish vocalists. The fervid inhabitants of the city, with its historic Sauntmarket and irrepressible Baillie, accorded to Mr Kennedy, on the occasion of his return visit, a hearty Highland welcome. As might have been anticipated, "A Nicht wi' Burns" drew together the largest and most enthusiastic assemblage; but the local press speak in eulogistic terms of "A Nicht wi' the Jacobites," on which occasion Mr David Kennedy, Junr., appearing in the dual capacity of composer and vocalist, scored a triumphant success for his singing of a new and stirring Jacobite melody, entitled "Sound the Slogan!" the words by W. Henderson. Business was immense. Nothing succeeds like success. "Let Glasgow flourish!"

TEATRO DEL PRÍNCIPE ALFONSO.

AL PÚBLICO.

La Empresa cree excusado decir una sola palabra en elogio de los dignos artistas que presenta al ilustrado público madrileño. La reputación artística de sus nombres es bien notoria; su fama, europea. Solamente debe y quiere ha cer constar, que en el corto espacio de veinte días ha reunido y traído a la capital de España, para contribuir al esplendor de las Fiestas Reales, desde el célebre maestro ARDITI a las masas instrumentales y corales.

A CRITICAL CONTRIBUTION TO BEETHOVEN LITERATURE.*

(From Dwight's Boston "Journal of Music.")

He only, whose tedious duty it is to at least look through all the new publications relating to Beethoven, can form any correct notion how numerous are those—from the newspaper article and novelette to the extended biography—in which his brother Johann is made to play a large, lamentable, and often utterly false part. No special criticism of any one of those productions is necessary, for the errors have been repeated in almost all the biographical writings on Beethoven for forty years past, and are now universally accepted as truth. If what I have to say on the subject should appear to be an effort to redeem Johann's character, it is not because I cherish any sympathy for him, but, first, for the sake of historic truth, and, secondly—which is a still stronger motive—for the reputation of Beethoven himself. For if the half of what has been written upon the character of his brother be true, none but an extremely weak and depraved man could have continued to hold such relations to him as Beethoven did through all his last years; and this certainly was not the composer's character. These writings may be chronologically divided into several groups:

I. That class in which it is taken for granted that, certainly not later than 1802-3, Johann van Beethoven was supplied with funds by Ludwig, to establish himself as an apothecary in Linz; that, he there, through the influence of his brother in the higher circles of Vienna, was enabled to make large and profitable contracts for supplies of medicines to the Austrian armies; that, in consequence of this, he soon became a man of means and was able, in turn, to lend money to Ludwig; and that, near the end of 1807, he would no longer trust his brother and pressed him rudely and roughly for payment, which, it is argued, is a striking proof of Johann's avarice and ingratitude. If all this be fact,

certainly no fault can be found with this class of writings. But there is not a word of truth in it. Listen:—

Until the winter of 1807-8, Johann was employed by an apothecary in Vienna, whose shop stood not far from the Kärnthner-Thor theatre. Industrious, and economical in his habits, he had been able to save a few hundred gulden, which he had put in his brother's hands. About this time he learned that the apothecary near the bridge in Linz was dead, and that his business, with his house, &c., was for sale. It seemed to him a good opportunity to establish himself, and, upon inquiry, he found the conditions such, that the purchase was, even with his small means, possible. It was for this that he now called upon his brother for payment. Ludwig, however, seems to have had small confidence in the project; and, when at length he wrote to his friend Gleichenstein to go to his publisher for 1,500 gulden, and pay Johann out of it—the letter shows how unwillingly and angrily he did it. Johann's funds were just sufficient to cover the first payment, the expenses of the contract, his removal to Linz and the taking possession. The contract dates from the 13th March, 1808, and on the 20th he entered into possession. The business yielded little more than the daily expenses, and the difficult question how to meet the second and third payments soon came up. It is somewhere stated, that his old acquaintance in Bonn, Stephen v. Breuning, had stood security for him; but I did not find his name in any of the documents. At all events, Johann did not apply to him, nor did he receive any aid from Vienna. He extricated himself from the dilemma unassisted. Those were the days when Napoleon undertook to destroy all British trade with the continent, and English tin had risen to an enormous price. The vases and pots on the shelves of the shop were all of massive tin; these Johann sold, and replaced them with others of clay and porcelain. Thus, and by the sale of the richly ornamented iron cross bars of the windows, he was able to meet his engagements this first year. In the spring of 1809, a French army moved down the Danube. Johann, in his youth, had served for a time in the French hospital at Bonn; he knew the French language; his shop was hard by the river; naturally the French commissaries applied to him, and he made with them such profitable contracts for supplies of medicines, as relieved him from present difficulties and laid the foundation of his future prosperity. These simple facts and dates, which I obtained sixteen years ago in Linz and Urfahr—and which were accessible to any other person as to myself—demolish at a blow the entire novelistic structure.

II. Whoever knows Schindler's book on Beethoven, will remember that, to characterize Johann's relation to his brother, he calls him "the evil principle" in the composer's life. That which only now and then at long intervals exerts an influence, certainly cannot be called the "evil principle" in a man's life—and this expression can only mean a pretty constant and continued influence on Beethoven and his affairs. Schindler surely meant this; all his copyists have so understood him, and Johann is everywhere described as such an "evil principle." As to this "constant" influence, the fact is quite the contrary; and, I believe, I can offer the following—the result of repeated examination—as being the truth. In all documents, letters and conversations—indeed, in all the sources of information from the year 1808 to the spring of 1822, inclusive—full fourteen years—with a single exception—nowhere does the name of Johann appear, as one in any manner or form having any connection with his brother's affairs; and, in the exceptional case, it is not Johann that meddles with Ludwig's business, but Ludwig that interferes in Johann's private concerns. This fact alone is sufficient to awaken doubt, whether hitherto the true relations between the brothers have been understood. Let us spend a moment on this exceptional case. Johann v. Beethoven was unmarried; and, as his house was rather spacious, he retained two or three rooms only for himself, and let the rest to a physician from Vienna, whose wife brought a sister with her. That this sister had become a mother in Vienna was, of course, kept secret. After a time Johann took the girl as companion and housekeeper. One of Beethoven's memoranda is this:

"1812, I was in Linz on account of B."

That "B" here stands for "Brother" is obvious. This and other circumstances confirm what was told me in Linz as fact,

* Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by Alexander W. Thayer.

namely, that Beethoven, who had passed the summer in Teplitz. Carlsbad, &c., had been falsely told that Johann proposed to marry this girl, and hastened to Linz to prevent such a connection. So much is certain; he disappeared from Teplitz about the end of September, and appears again in Linz, October 5. Johann gave him the pleasantest room in the house, a corner chamber, cheerful and sunny, with a view upon the river, the landing-place, and the mountainous country beyond. In this chamber and during his wanderings on the neighbouring hills Beethoven composed his delightful Eighth Symphony. It must not be forgotten, that Johann now is a man of thirty-five years, and that for four and one-half years, entirely by his own enterprise, he has been established in profitable business; that his brother is with him as a guest, and can, therefore, leave the house at any moment when dissatisfied. If now the composer had exerted all his influence as a man and as a brother—confining himself within this limit—to put an end to Johann's immoral relations to the girl—no one, not Johann himself, could have taken it ill. But he went farther. He had taken it into his head that the girl must be removed; and as he could not effect this by gentle means, he applied to the Bishop and to the civil authorities. He succeeded at last in obtaining an order from the police, that, if found in Linz on a certain day in November, she should be arrested and forwarded, as a vagabond, to Vienna. Johann was beside himself with rage, and a scene ensued between the brothers, over which I draw the veil. The apothecary, however, still held the leading trump in his hand; should he play it, he would win, but the consequences would reach throughout his life. His wrath and the tears of the girl decided him. He played his trump! In the register of the city parish of Linz one may read, that on the 8th November, 1812, Johann v. Beethoven and Therese Obermeyer—were married. His wife they could not tear from him! On the 9th Beethoven departed from Linz with the bitter consciousness, that from his own lack of patience, prudence and moderation, the mistress was elevated to the position of his sister-in-law. We will not envy him his feelings.

III. Whoever is acquainted, however superficially, with the novelistic and biographic literature upon Beethoven, knows what stress is laid upon the supposed fact that Johann v. Beethoven was in his brother's last years really his "evil principle." The main charges against him are these: Officious meddling in Beethoven's business matters; a constant striving to rule him; and continually renewed efforts to induce him to live in his house, if not in his family, not only in the city, but, in summer, in the country—and this, for no other object than to enable him to make his brother's genius a source of pecuniary profit to himself. All this has its origin in Schindler's writings, who honestly believed it, no doubt; but much has become known, which was sealed to the young Schindler, and throws new light upon the relations between the brothers. Let us rest a moment upon the Apothecary, to see how things have gone with him in these fourteen years. On the 30th December, 1816, he sold his business and house in Linz, and soon after established himself again in Urfahr, on the opposite side of the river. In August, 1819, he found himself able to purchase a pleasant and valuable estate called "Wasserhof," adjoining the village of Gneixendorf, near Krems; so he became "Land proprietor" *Gutsbesitzer*; and as such, was able once more to pass his winters in Vienna. He took lodgings, therefore, in the first story of a house at the corner of the Koth and Pfarr Streets in the suburb Windmühl, belonging to his brother-in-law Baker-master Obermeyer, where, in the spring of 1822, we find him. Meantime he had learned, that a daughter of his wife, born January 30, 1807, Amalie Waldmann by name, was still living in Vienna, and, as he had now abandoned all hope of offspring of his own, he had, a few years since, adopted her.

And now to the alleged "officious meddling in his brother's affairs"—which has never yet been proved, and, it is very doubtful whether it ever will be. The deaf, fretful, suspicious Beethoven had really at this time nobody—like in former years Gleichenstein, Breuning, his brother Carl, and others, who could aid him in the sale of new works and like matters. He had a high opinion of Johann's qualities as a man of business; for certainly he had succeeded in his doubtful enterprises at Linz and Urfahr; and the still more doubtful purchase of Wasserhof might already be

counted a lucky one. It could not be otherwise than gratifying to the composer to have his only brother, after more than fifteen years, again near him. And to whom should he go, if not to this brother, for advice and assistance? One sees *a priori*, that the charges on this point against Johann are, to say the least, exaggerated; to go on, and show in full that they are ungrounded, would lead us too far. Let us turn then to the alleged selfish, unceasing efforts of Johann to force his brother to live with him—in discussing which no small light will be thrown upon the point just noticed. The passage in Schindler's book, which has been often copied by other writers, runs thus:

Beethoven was quartered (autumn of 1822), by means of his brother Johann, in a dark lodging, fit at best for a shoemaker, and which, because it was cheap, was considered suitable for the "brain-owner." * * * *This was a miserable abode for Beethoven, who had been accustomed to something so very different; and the winter of 1822-23 might, owing to this fatal situation of the great composer, furnish plenty of matter for tales and humorous pieces.**

The bare circumstance, that Beethoven took this lodging at the instigation of his brother, is true; but Schindler wrote under the influence of feelings of hatred and contempt for Johann, that rendered him almost incapable of treating him with justice. It is possible also that the other circumstances—if they were ever known to him—had passed out of his memory in the long interval of eighteen years. Besides, it is certain that he never saw certain letters of the composer to his brother. It is obvious, therefore, how easily he, with the best intentions to write nothing but the truth, may have put the facts in a false light;—and this is really the case. Of the mass of conversation-books,† and papers, which Hofrath v. Breuning, after the death of Beethoven, transferred to Schindler, the latter in the lapse of years destroyed more than half; but among those that escaped is one which contains the very first known notice of a meeting of the brothers after Johann's return to Vienna. The nephew Carl was also present. It appears clearly from the conversation that Beethoven had given up his quarters in the Landstrasse suburb (in the spring of 1822) without having first secured his summer lodging in the country; and thus found himself in a dilemma. In course of the conversation Johann comes to his assistance, with the offer of the two rooms in his house, occupied by his pseudo daughter, for a few days—until he finds new quarters—and proposes to him to come after dinner and see them. Beethoven went. This is proved by the appearance, soon after, of the hand of Johann's wife in the book. She writes very politely—finds little personal resemblance between him and her husband, except in their eyes,—and invites him to pay them a summer visit in Wasserhof, where, she says, the view is beautiful and the air excellent. Johann takes the pencil, and writes:

Rossini just met me, and greeted me very friendly; he wishes greatly to speak with you. If he had known that you were here, he would have come with me, and so on.‡

Johann had now been married nine and one half years. Is it not obvious from the words written by his wife, that Beethoven now saw her, that is as sister-in-law, for the first time? It does not appear that he needed the two rooms, and apparently he removed at once to Ober-Döbling, a village just north of the city.

Thence he wrote to Johann this remarkable letter:

I hoped surely to see you—but in vain. By order of Dr. Staudenheimer, I must still continue to take medicine, and must not take too much exercise. I beg you, instead of driving in the Prater, to take your way to me with your wife and daughter. I desire nothing, but that the advantages—which are certain—of our living together, may be attained without fail. I have made inquiry concerning lodgings; there are suitable ones enough, and you would have to pay but little more than hitherto. As a matter of economy, what a saving for both parties, not to speak of the enjoyment!

I have nothing against your wife; I wish only that she would

* This passage is given in the bad translation of Moscheles-Schindler, as being known to many of our readers.—Ed.

† In which people wrote, after Beethoven could no longer hear them speak.—Ed.

‡ Poor maligned Rossini!—D. P.

perceive, how much your own welfare would gain by being with me, and that the little, miserable troubles of life produce no serious differences.

Now, farewell. I hope surely too see you this afternoon, when we will all drive to Nussdorf, which would be of benefit to me.

Thy faithful brother,

LUDWIG.

—Postscript.

Peace, peace, be with us. God grant that the natural bonds of brotherhood between us be not again unnaturally sundered! At all events, my life may not last much longer. I say again that I have nothing against your wife, although her demeanour towards me on a few occasions has greatly struck me; but then I am in the highest degree sensitive and irritable, owing to my three and one-half months of sickness. Away with everything that does not promote the grand object; so that I and my good Carl can enter upon a regular domestic life, which for me is especially needful. Just look through my lodging here, and you will see the consequences—how matters go, because I, when I am more than usually sick, must put myself into the hands of strangers—not to mention other things upon which we have already spoken. In case you come to-day, you can bring Carl too; and so I inclose this open note to Herr v. Blöchlinger,* which you can send to him immediately.

Now, I ask, which of the brothers made the proposition that they should live together? On the 26th July, Ludwig wrote again to Johann, who was with his family in Wasserhof for the summer. The letter contains an urgent request for Johann to come to Vienna, to aid his brother in the sale of works, etc.—Johann, however, could not leave his agriculture, and came not. The letter ends thus:

Greet your family for me. If I was not forced to go to Baden,† I should certainly come to you next month; but it can't be helped; if you can, pray come. It would be of great assistance—write immediately, etc.

On the 31st July, he writes again, that Peters, the Leipzig publisher, has offered 1500 gulden for the Maas, and other sums for other works, and has sent him a draft in advance for 300 gulden. I copy a few lines:

Throughout the eagerness of the man for my works is visible; but I do not wish to put myself in a false position, and I should take it as a favour, if you will write whether you can spare me something, so that I may not be hindered in going betimes to Baden, where I must remain at least a month. You see there is no uncertainty in this; and you shall also in September receive the 200 gulden again with thanks.

Farther on:

If you were here, the matter would soon be settled. . . . If you could only come and go with me for eight days to Baden, that would be just the thing. . . . Put your kitchen and cellar into best condition, for, probably, I and my boy shall establish our head-quarters with you, and we have formed the grand project of completely eating you up. Of course only September is meant. Now farewell, best Brotherkin! Read the Gospel daily, take to heart the Epistles of Peter and Paul, journey to Rome, and kiss the Pope's slipper. Greet your family heartily," etc., etc.

In August, he writes two more letters on the same subject—and yet, Johann came not. Now, how does all this tally with the alleged "official meddling?" In the letter of 26th July, Beethoven communicates to his brother his consent to accept the lodging in Obermeyer's house, in these terms:

As to the lodging, since it is taken, let it be so; but whether it be suited to me, is the question—the chambers look out upon the garden—and just now, garden-air is the most deleterious for me; besides, my entrance is through the kitchen, which is very unpleasant and intolerable. And now I must pay for a whole quarter for nothing; as an offset, we, Carl and myself, if possible, will join you in Krems and live high until this money is made up again.

In later letters he informs his brother, that the necessity of taking the sulphur baths at Baden, and an order for music for

* Master and proprietor of a private school in which Beethoven's nephew Carl was then a pupil.

† A place of sulphur springs about twenty miles from Vienna.

the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre, prevented him from making the proposed visit to Wasserhof. That Beethoven was never satisfied with his lodgings, that he was constantly changing them, and always quarreling with his landlords, is well known. Schindler gives instances enough of this. Johann was different; he had settled himself in the house of his wife's brother, and, so far as I know, remained there so long as she lived. What Ludwig wanted was, that Johann should break this family connexion, and abandon these quarters, in order to try the very doubtful experiment, whether he, his brother, his nephew, and Johann's wife and daughter could live in peace under one roof. Adjoining Johann's lodging, in the same house, there were vacant apartments, and he doubtless reasoned thus: why should not Ludwig, if determined to try this experiment, take them for one year? If it turned out well, he could change his dwelling as well later as now. If his Brother would come to him there, good; if not, also good. He must pay some regard to his wife's wishes. And so it came about, that Beethoven with Schindler, in October, 1822, moved into the lodging, which the latter describes as at best good for a shoemaker.

There is an anecdote, belonging to this winter, related by Schindler, the foundation of a great mass of malicious and contemptuous matter printed against Johann v. Beethoven, and a good instance of how everything relating to him is interpreted to his disadvantage. In those days, it was not only the universal custom, but a decent self-respect demanded, that every man should place his social rank and position upon his visiting cards. For three and one-half years Johann was no longer "Apothecary at Linz," but "Land Proprietor" (*Gutbesitzer*), and so it stood upon his card. On New Year's day, 1823, Beethoven, his nephew, and Schindler, sat at dinner. Johann sent in his servant with his card and the usual greetings. The composer was in good humour, turned the card, wrote on the back: "Ludwig von Beethoven, Brain-owner," and sent it back. It was an ordinary friendly and fraternal attention on the part of Johann, and a good-natured joke on the part of Ludwig. That is the whole of it. Everything else about it, which one reads in a hundred publications, is invention and usually slander. Johann has even been made the subject of boundless ridicule on account of his horses! Why, I cannot see. Horses he must have in his agricultural operations, and—when he removed with his family in Autumn to Vienna—should he send the animals back to Wasserhof just to eat his hay the winter through? That the experiment of living together in one house had no good results—as was to be expected—is well known, and Johann's refusal to move out of his lodging to try it, is fully justified. A note of that time, the subject of which is not known, may find room here:

"DEAR BROTHER! I pray you to visit me this forenoon, as I must have a talk with you. Why this behaviour? I have nothing against you, I throw no blame upon you in the matter of the lodging. Your will was good, and it was my own wish, that we should be nearer together. But now, on all sides, in this house, all is bad, and you will know nothing of it; what can one say? What unkind behaviour, now that I have fallen into so great a dilemma. I pray you again, come to me this forenoon that we may talk over what is necessary to be done. Do not let bonds be sundered, which can only be for the advantage of us both—and for what? For causes worthy only of contempt! I embrace you from my heart, and am, as ever,—thy faithful brother, LUDWIG.

That afterwards the business assumed a totally different aspect in Beethoven's fancy, that he then threw the whole blame in the matter of the lodging upon Johann, and oft-times expressed his resentment both in letters and conversation—that was only—Beethovenish.

(To be continued.)

Parsifal.

In good old days Sir Percival
Was thought a decent sort of cove;
But since The Master took him up
All decent people cry, "By Jove!"

To Dr Franz Hueffer.

Renegade.

WAIFS.

Monday's concert (of January 5) was the 604th since the opening of the Popular Concerts, nearly twenty years ago. The fact of its belonging to one connected series of performances, given under the same management and in the same hall, has justly been called unique in the history of English, and indeed of international, music; and Mr. Arthur Chappell may well be proud of a success won in spite of much discouragement, and without a single deviation from the principle of producing exclusively works of high artistic merit. No concession to the taste of the vulgar has been made during these many years; but, on the other hand, the works of all schools have been to some extent, represented at these concerts, and the way in which the director has felt and followed the varying currents of public taste without being carried away by any of them is the surest sign of his unflinching tact. The clamourings raised at various times by the exclusive partisans of the "classic" and the "modern" are but additional proof of the general impartiality that has prevailed at these concerts. It is quite true that leanings in certain directions have been, and are at the present moment, observable. But in these we can see no more than an inevitable concession to the taste of individual artists, whose choice of *répertoire* must naturally be left to themselves. To insist on Mme Schumann's playing Liszt, or on Joachim's performing Raff, would be as unfair as it would be practically impossible.—*Examiner*, Jan. 12.

There is talk of a new theatre in Verona.

A new theatre has been opened at Ostend.

Wagner's *Siegfried* will be performed in March at Munich.

Mdlle Anna de Belocca has left Madrid, and is now in London.

Mdlle D'Angeri is engaged for next winter at the Scala, Milan.

Mr Ignace Gibsons has been in Cheshire, on a professional visit.

Lida Wilson, a new opera by Signor Bonamici, is in preparation at Pisa.

The Via Borghetto, Milan, will henceforth be called Via Vincenzo Bellini.

Lamperti has been created Knight of the Crown of Italy. (*O Gemini!*)

Mr W. Dorrell has left his country seat in Sussex, and is now in London.

The first Bal Masqué at the Paris Grand Opera took place on the 27th ult.

M. Faure lately appeared in *Hamlet* at Marseilles before a crowded audience.

Brahms's first Symphony, that in C minor, has been played at Frankfurt.

At the Popular Concert, on Monday, Herr Wieniawski is to be the violinist.

Signor Pedrotti has declined the post of Director of the Milan Conservatory.

Brahms' C minor Symphony was performed in New York five times within ten days.

A concert will be given at Genoa, for a monument in the Cathedral to Victor Emanuel.

Verdi's Mass was performed at the funeral service, St Petersburg, in honour of Victor Emanuel.

Mdlle Emmy Emery, of the Leipsic Conservatory, has created an impression as pianist at Erfurt.

After remaining for some time closed, the Artists' Club in St Petersburg has been re-opened.

Some subscribers at the Italian Opera, Moscow, have presented Sig. Stagno with a wig. (*O Gemini!*)

Mdlle Pommereul, the violinist, has been playing at Antwerp, Abbeville, Amiens, Utrecht, and Haarlem.

Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be given at the Kiel Musical Festival.

Signora Fabbretti Giardini, who first—in Italy—played the heroine of *La Dame aux Camélias*, is dead.

Mdme Pauline Lucca's first appearance at the Teatro Real, Madrid, as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, was a success.

The King of Bavaria has bestowed the cross of the Order of St Michael (first class) on Rheinberger, of Munich.

An Italian buffo opera company, under the direction of Signor Fiorini, will give performances next April in Madrid.

Mdme Franck-Duvernoy, formerly of the Opéra-Comique, and then of the Théâtre-Lyrique, has been engaged at the Grand Opera.

Le Petit Duc, words by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, music by Lecocq, has been produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Owing to indisposition, Mdlle Kraus has been temporarily replaced as Sélika, in *L'Africaine*, at the Grand Opera, Paris, by Mdlle de Reszké.

The gala-performances at Madrid were opened by Mdlle Donadio with *Il Barbiere*. The second opera was *La Traviata*, with Mdlle Heilbron as Violetta.

Mr C. J. Bishenden informs us that he has received complimentary letters from Her Majesty the Queen, and the Earl of Beaconsfield for presentation copies of his book, on *How to Sing*.

Mr William Cundidus, an American tenor, pupil of Ranchetti, at Milan, who has sung with success at Berlin, Dresden, and Cologne, is now in London, where his German and Italian triumphs may be turned to good account.

Mr D. Jenkins, whose name stands first in order of merit at the recent examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. at Cambridge, is a Tonic Sol-faist, and obtained his knowledge of harmony on that system. Mr H. Fisher, who at the same time graduated Mus. Doc., is also a Tonic Sol-faist.

We are requested to state that Mr A. Morten has left the firm of Bryceson, Bros. & Morten, with which he has been connected twelve years, and has established an organ factory in Redhill Street, Regent's Park. His object, his prospectus states, is to build organs of the highest excellence at moderate prices, which he is enabled to do by active personal supervision, good system, and moderate working expenses.

We learn from the Italian musical papers that a young English baritone, Mr Richard Della Rosa Coker (singing under the name of Riccardo Della Rosa), has just made a brilliant *début* at Lucca as the King in the *Favorita*. The papers speak in the highest terms of his "beautiful voice, handsome person, finished and artistic style of singing," and also of his exceptionally great dramatic talents, and foretell for him a splendid artistic career. He is a pupil of Sig. Alary of Paris, and Ronconi, of Milan.

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VOL. 56.—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Twelfth of the Series of SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES will take place THIS DAY (Saturday), Feb. 9, 1878, at Three. The programme will include: Oboe Concerto, No. 2 (Handel), first time; Rhapsodie for Contralto, Male Chorus, and Orchestra (Brahms), first time; the Eroica Symphony (Beethoven); Introduction to 3rd Act of *Meistersinger* (Wagner), first time. Vocalists—Miss Reideker and Mr Santley. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANSS. Numbered Stalls, for a Single Concert, in Area or Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, in Area or Gallery, One Shilling (all exclusive of admission to the Palace). Admission to Concert room, for non-Stallholders, Sixpence. Transferable numbered Stall tickets for the remaining concert, One Guinea.

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MR OSCAR BERINGER will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at St JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, Feb. 27, at Three o'clock; assisted by Messrs Svendsen, Dubrucq, Wendland, Holländer, Daubert, and Prokatzky. Vocalist—Mdlle Reideker. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets and programmes to be had of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.; Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Mr OSCAR BERINGER, 8, Weymouth Street, Portland Place.

MR KUHE'S BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL will commence TUESDAY, Feb. 19. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Verdi's *Requiem*; Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*; Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*; Mr F. Clay's Cantata, *Laila Rookh*; Handel's *Messiah*; New Works composed expressly for this Festival, and conducted by the Composers; Mr F. H. COWEN's Oratorio, *The Deluge*; Mr Alfred Cellier's Suite Symphonique; and Mr Walter Macfarren's *Pastoral Overture*. Programmes at Messrs Potts, 167, North Street.

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THE MISSES ALLITSEN will sing GOLDBERG's admired duet, "VIENI LA BARCA E PRONTA" at Mr Kuhe's Festival at Brighton, February next.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the "Times," February 6.)

The brief winter season of "opera in English" which comes to an end this week has by no means been unfruitful. Though not producing much in the shape of novelty, it has at any rate brought forward certain young aspirants who exhibit more than average promise, and are likely, if they proceed by legitimate means, to exercise an influence on the future of our native lyric stage. In this, of course, no reference is intended to a finished and experienced dramatic vocalist like Mdme Rose Hersee, who has risen to a high position through earnest and unremitting study of her art, and fairly earned the laurels she continues to wear so well, but to some new comers of whom good hopes are confidently entertained. It may be stated at once that Mdme Rose Hersee has only enjoyed two opportunities of distinction, and those in operas by English, or rather Irish, composers, which, notwithstanding the many years they have been familiar to the public all over the country still preserve their vogue. It is almost superfluous to name Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* and the *Maritana* of Vincent Wallace. Each of our prolific musicians wrote operas with higher artistic claims than either of the foregoing; yet, while to habitual frequenters of theatres they cannot otherwise than conjure up pleasant reminiscences, but little is heard of any of them now. Among them might be cited *The Bondman*, *Satanella*, and *Puritan's Daughter* of Balfe; *Lurline* and the *Amber Witch* of Wallace. The remaining works introduced by Mr Mapleson since the 12th of January, when he opened with the *Ombre*, or "*Phantom*," as it is styled in the version presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, have consisted of English adaptations from foreign sources. The *Trovatore* (by Mr Charles Jefferys), and *Faust* (by the late Mr H. F. Chorley), which in so many languages and under such diverse phases have made the names of Verdi and Gounod renowned throughout the civilized world, were, as might have been anticipated, the favoured operas. Always heard with satisfaction, they are generally accredited as the masterpieces of their respective authors, notwithstanding the undoubted fact that many connoisseurs prefer *Rigoletto* to the *Trovatore*, while a smaller, if not less discriminating, minority place the neglected *Mireille* on an equal footing with its universally admired precursor. On this point, however, it is unnecessary to offer an opinion *pro* or *con*.

Though it might have been deemed in stricter accordance with his preconceived design had the director ushered in this especial series of representations with a *bona fide* English work, he was, perhaps, not altogether unjustified in believing that a foreign production hitherto unknown among us would be likelier to attract immediate public interest. Whether his selection of *L'Ombre* was a happy one may be (and has been) reasonably disputed. On the other hand, taking into consideration the popularity enjoyed for so many years in this country by *Martha*, it appears somewhat strange that a more recent opera from the same pen—an opera which has won general favour abroad—should not up to this time have attracted attention from either of our Italian lyric theatres, though the fact that an Italian version existed was very well known. Moreover, the *dramatis personæ* comprises two good parts for women (soprano and mezzo-soprano), and two good parts for men (tenor and barytone), as well contrasted with each other, and as well assorted, as the four characters in the *Elisir d'Amore*, or *Don Pasquale*, if not treated with the skill and brightness shown by Donizetti, with whom, it need hardly be said, M. Flotow cannot justly be compared. *L'Ombre* was originally produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique, in the summer of 1870, and, notwithstanding the troubled state of politics just then, achieved an undisputed success, being subsequently no less fortunate at Brussels and elsewhere. The author of the libretto was the veteran St Georges, to whom so many other composers have been indebted for similar aid. It would have been well, perhaps, to let the work remain in its normal shape, as a comic opera, according to the recognized acceptance of the phrase. The materials of which it is composed are so slight that the accompanied recitative, substituted by M. Flotow for the original spoken dialogue in his Italian adaptation, overweighs it, and even the added choruses, comparatively insignificant as they are, seem to stand in the way, having little or nothing to do with the dramatic action. In the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre (for which Mr Gilbert & Beckett has provided the lyrical translation) the recitatives are for the greater part abandoned for spoken dialogue (the work, we believe, of Mr Josiah Pittman), the opera in other ways being abridged by curtailments and omissions—all unquestionably advantageous to the general effect. It is still too long, however, the few incidents which make up the plot, and the prevalent lightness of the music taken into account.

Nevertheless, there are many pretty and graceful things in *L'Ombre*, which, if not to be classed side by side with *Martha*, is at least worth hearing, if only because proceeding from the same source, and being, moreover, an after-work. The four leading characters are sustained by Mdme Bauermeister, Miss Purdy—the "*Mdlle Lisa Perdi*" of the previous Italian opera season—"at cheap prices"—Mr Talbot Brennan ("*Signor Talbo*") and Mr George Fox. Owing to hurried preparation the first performance was by no means effective, but on subsequent occasions there was a marked improvement, and under more favourable circumstances the opera will be heard again with interest. In Miss Purdy amateurs cannot fail to recognize a young English artist, with a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, legitimately used, and a singer of very considerable intelligence, about whom good things may be predicted. In *Maritana*, the opera next in order, besides the impersonation of the gipsy heroine, by Miss Rose Hersee, to which reference has been made, the audience welcomed an old favourite, Mr George Perren, as Don César de Bazan; a very good Don José in Mr F. H. Celli; an acceptable Charles V. in Signor Franceschi (Mr Foote); and last, not least, another old favourite, Miss Bessie Palmer, a *Lazarillo* exceeded by few since Miss Poole (the original in 1846). For *Maritana* no such laborious preparation as in the case of Flotow's opera was required. The singers gave Wallace's fluent and graceful melodies as if they were improvising; and the orchestra, under their able conductor, Mr Weist Hill, played the overture and the instrumental accompaniments as well as could be desired. The chorus was also in good form, and the performance generally left few points open to criticism. In the *Trovatore*, Miss Anna Eyre, who, although she had studied operatic singing in Italy and elsewhere, was a *débutante* here, made a successful appearance in the very exacting part of Leonora. Miss Eyre possesses qualities which assiduously cultivated may enable her to take an enviable position, among them being a voice very telling in the higher and middle tones, though comparatively weak in the lower register. Miss Eyre as yet wants that self-reliance which can only come with further practice and consequent experience. What is to be admired in her is a certain earnestness, which shows that she takes a real interest in her task, and which perseverance may turn to excellent purpose. However nervous on the occasion of her first appearance, which here and there made her intonation uncertain, she evidently created a favourable impression, being frequently and cordially applauded. Her career will be watched with interest. Beyond adding that the other characters were sustained by Miss Palmer, Messrs Perren, George Fox, and Franceschi, another word about the well worn *Trovatore* would be superfluous, unless it be to state that Mr Dudley Thomas, who may be remembered as a prize-winner at the "National Music Meeting," held some time ago in the Crystal Palace, has since replaced Mr Perren in the character of Manrico. Nor is it necessary to go into details about the equally familiar *Bohemian Girl*, the chief parts in which were sustained by Mdme Rose Hersee, Miss Palmer, Messrs Perren, F. Celli, Henry Pope, and Maurice, Mdme Alice Barth replacing Mdme Hersee as Arline at the last performance, owing to the indisposition of Miss Carina Clelland, who had been announced for the part. The distinguishing feature in a generally effective performance of *Faust* was the Marguerite of Miss Hélène Crosmont, Signor Randegger's very clever pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, who pleased so much, not long ago, as Betty, in the English version of Adolphe Adam's operetta *Le Châlet*. Gounod's pensive and romantic Marguerite was a far more ambitious undertaking; but the young lady showed herself equal to the occasion. With still much to acquire, Miss Crosmont has the requisite means at command—a capable and sympathetic voice to begin with, a good stage presence, and unquestionable intelligence. The rest will come with time and experience. The warm recognition she obtained will doubtless encourage her to proceed as she has begun, and, so far as her natural resources will allow, by assiduous application to perfect herself in her art. Mr Talbo's *Faust* exhibits marked improvement. He, too, has a voice worth seriously cultivating. The other characters in *Faust* are filled by Signor Franceschi (Mephistopheles), Miss Leopold (Siebel), Mrs Sharpe (*Martha*), Mr George Fox (Valentine), and Mr H. Cushing (Wagner). The general performance, under the direction of Signor Li Calsi, may fairly be commended. The only opera to be added to the list and to complete the series of performances is the always fresh and genial *Lily of Killarney*, in the music of which Sir Julius Benedict has so happily caught the spirit of Irish melody that, while hearing it, it is difficult to think him German born. This deservedly popular work is announced for to-night, when the gifted composer himself is to be at the conductor's desk.

[About the *Lily of Killarney*, which was a brilliant success, we shall speak in our next.—D. P.]

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

By HAMERLING and GOLDSCHMIDT.*

Christian theology designates as "deadly" or mortal (in contradistinction to "venial") those sins which bring with them spiritual death, that is to say, loss of the state of grace, and, as we know, it enumerates seven of them—Pride, Avarice, Voluptuousness, Anger, Intemperance, Envy, and Indolence of heart. These deadly sins have, at the request of Herr Adalbert Goldschmidt, of Vienna, been taken by Robert Hamerling, the poet, as the subject of a libretto, which has been set by the musician ordering it, and performed by the artists of the Imperial Operahouse. The work is divided into three parts. The first might be entitled, "Prologue in Hell." The Prince of Darkness holds a kind of cabinet council, at which he receives a report from his "seven principal demons" of what they had been doing on earth. Each of the Deadly Sins boasts in turn of the evil it has wrought among men. Each respected speaker is taunted by the other six (or, as the poet with a remarkable absence of mind repeatedly directs, by all *seven*) demons in the refrain, "Was thust du gross? Brüste dich nicht, wir thun noch mehr!"† The whole seven ultimately wing their way back to earth, for the purpose of entering on a new course of rivalry in evil. The second part depicts, in a series of scenes loosely tacked together, the doings of the Seven Deadly Sins. In the first place, the Demon of Indolence seduces a troop of weary pilgrims into stretching themselves upon the moss, and resting their galled feet.‡ The poet seems here to overlook the fact that, though the Church regards "indolence of heart" as a deadly sin, she by no means goes so far as to impose eternal damnation on wayworn pilgrims for taking a short rest. Schlegel once called idleness the only blessing left us of Paradise. After Indolence comes "the peacock's tail of Ostentation and the mirror of Egotism" operating on a youth as he strolls in gentle converse with his Beloved. In the dialogue between the couple we have the following:—

"Ich fröhnte dem stolzen ichsüchtigen Trieb.
Entselbet nun segn' ich und preise die Liebe,
Dich liebend erkor ich, mir selber *ersterb'* ich." §

(You of noble minds may see by these words what Hamerling thinks of love's purest sentiments!) With unexampled celerity Ostentation alienates the youth from his intended; the swain leaves us suddenly, for "Happiness beckons him from afar." After finishing with the youth, Ostentation takes a hero in hand, making him a robber of crowns and a tyrant. This brings down upon him a revolution. He issues from the latter victorious, it is true, but marked for the punishment of hell. Now comes the turn of Covetousness, the most modern of all scape-goats. She first teaches the people "new ways of making rapid gains without trouble," and hereupon sets up in business herself with the motto, "Gold for All." The fourth demon, Envy, is dismissed very curtly by the poet, and without being clearly distinguished from Covetousness. Envy is represented as immediately urging the people to the pillage of the rich. Then, without more ado, we have the next scene. The Demon of Intemperance gets the better of the guests at a feast. They pour forth their "Bacchic impulse towards delight" in the following particularly charming lines, marked by such good taste:—

"O Bauch, O Bauch! Viedler Theil,
Wir mögen gern dich pflegen! . . .
Der Kopf ist Arbeit, schwere Noth;
Du Bauch, du Bauch, sei unser Gott!" ||

(The genuinely Viennese rhyme of "Noth" with "Gott" imparts to the verse an especially patriotic flavour.) Directly the gastrulogists are sufficiently inspired with drink, Evil Desire joins them.

* By Dr Hanslick in the *Neue freie Presse*.

† "What is there to boast about? Do not be so grand; we will do still more!"

‡ "*Sich hinzulagern ins Moss, die Füsse, die wunden, behaglich belagert.*"

§ "I was a vassal to proud and I-seeking" (egotistical) "feeling. *Unselfed* I now bless and prize Love; loving, I select you, and by so doing become dead, as far as I myself am concerned." Such is the meaning, it strikes me, of the above transcendental verses, if—I tremblingly venture to observe—they contain any meaning at all.—TRANSLATOR.

|| "O Belly, O Belly, thou noble part of the body, willingly do we take care of thee! The head means work and deep trouble. Be thou, Belly, thou, our god."

This demon has thus characterized himself in the prelude: "I mix the poison which oozes through and infects the juices with sin. Always unhappy, because never satisfied, the Son of Light wallows effeminately in dissipation." O Wagner! you have seduced by your example not musicians alone, but even poets! To think that a man with such poetic power as Hamerling should lose himself in such horrible verse! The Son of Light immediately succumbs, as a matter of course, to the multitude of "delicious women's alluring forms." * Only the last demon, Deadly Sin No. 7, Rage, can now follow. He begins by hounding on the peoples against their sovereigns (in which, strange to say, he is seconded by the "Chorus of Priests"), and then nations against nations. Everything on earth is now reduced to the same level, and a chorus of despair, in which men curse themselves and their Creator, closes this second part of the oratorio, with its very liberal list of horrors. The third part commences infernally, like the others, with a chorus of demons, but concludes, astonishingly enough, with blessed reconciliation and redemption. And who is it who delivers mankind, depraved alike in body and soul, after they have been dragged through seven deadly sins, each of which brings with it eternal damnation? A Singer with a harp! Theologians may probably not agree to this kind of medicine, as agreeable as it is cheap—and even we non-theologians are astounded by the extraordinary logic of the proceeding. The Harpist sings about truth, beauty, and love; his "accursed strains cause the demons pain," but mankind delight. Finally, "the Queen of the Hosts of Light" appears in person to reward the lyrical redeemer "by crowning him with the head-adorning wreath."

Despite a few fresh-coloured pictures in the second, and numerous noble thoughts in the third, part, Hamerling's poem is a very unsatisfactory philosophico-allegorical hermaphrodite, without blood and without life. Luckily, the garland of fame is too firmly fixed on the brow of him who wrote *Abasser* for these *Deadly Sins* seriously to loosen it. Besides, our objections to the choice of such a subject are directed far more against the musician who undertook to set it, or even expressly ordered it, than against the poet. Poetry holds away over a far more extensive empire than music, and has at command far richer resources, whenever it is a question of portraying the night-sides of nature, sin, and vice, and, generally, what is hateful and bad. It is a defect, and, as I think, a beautiful and blessed defect, in music, that she can not do this, or can do it only suggestively and transiently. Just as music and architecture are the least capable of all the arts of becoming comic, so, agreeably to their whole nature, do they possess more limited powers than any other art in representing what is bad and hateful. How is music able to express envy, avarice, and covetousness? Evidently only by what is musically ugly and distorted, vague and general, without the distinguishing characteristics of any particular one among the Deadly Sins. Rage and voluptuousness are, by the surplus of passionate movement innate in them, more easily accessible to music than the other sins, but still merely as isolated shadows bringing out, with double purity and beauty, the light parts of the picture. It is thus, and thus only, that all great composers have treated the Morally Odious. An opera made up exclusively of Pizarros, Bertrams, Mephistos, and Ortruds, would be a mistake inviting parody, just like Goldschmidt's oratorio, which undertakes to depict a pattern-card of human vices and offences, garnished with devils. The fact is, at the end of the second part—and on this head it is impossible for any one to be deceived—the musical picture of the deadly sins is really thoroughly and exhaustively complete, like its coloured model by Makart. The conciliatory epilogue with the heaven-sent Harpist strikes us as a material addition, as the poetry of perplexity, and might without disadvantage be omitted. Had the composer selected for the motive power of his story one of the pernicious sins, involving his hero in, and rescuing him from, *that* (something in the way that Wagner does with Tannhäuser), he might perform his task artistically. Even had he commanded all the Seven Deadly Sins to advance successively at the charge against one interesting and significant hero, whether as the result of a wager, like Mephisto's with the Lord, or through an egotistical suborner, like Bertram, or owing to the whirlwind of social circumstances—we might listen to what he has to say. But to select as the subject of a grand musical composition the Seven Deadly Sins, philosophically and abstractedly taken as such, and for their own sake alone, is

* "*Wonniger Weiber verlockender Leiber.*"

itself a deadly sin against the sacred spirit of music. A composer who orders such a libretto causes us at the very outset to suspect him of possessing an unmusical nature, and of being a speculator trading with false effects. In the Middle Ages a mystery was called a "*Grande Diablerie*," if only four devils performed in it; what composer would now-a-days seriously tackle seven, if the seven were in earnest? The matter would be different had we a Beethoven, whose genius could descend even unto the lowest abyss without seeing the lamp of the Beautiful extinguished! What Michael Angelo dared to do in his "*Last Judgment*" is not to be undertaken by the first skilful dilettante, and though we might accept a setting of the *Seven Deadly Sins* as a Titanic caprice on the part of Beethoven, we cannot on that account sanction it when coming from Herr Adalbert Goldschmidt.

(To be continued.)

FROM PARIS.

(Correspondence.)

The first *bal masqué* at the Grand Opera, Paris, produced 66,600 francs. M. Denery is revising for the Paris Opéra-Comique a three-act libretto, written by himself in collaboration with M. Brésil, and entitled *L'Escadron de la Reine*, the music by Henry Litloff. M. Carvalho has accepted a three-act opera, *La Courte Echelle* by MM. Charles de Konnat and Edmond Membre, for the International Exhibition. Having recovered from her recent indisposition, Mlle Strauss has resumed the part of Selika in *L'Africaine*. *L'Etoile du Nord* will be received at the Opéra-Comique towards the end of the present month.

LEIPSIK.

(Correspondence.)

Mdme Clara Schumann received an invitation (which she was compelled to decline) to celebrate her fiftieth professional anniversary, at the last Gewandhaus Concert. At the Gewandhaus she first appeared in public. Wagner's *Rheingold* and *Walküre* will be produced about the middle of April on two successive evenings. They will be followed in the autumn by *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung*. In consequence of pecuniary difficulties, the Leipzig Wagner Association is broken up.

"(WEIN), WEIB, UND GESANG."

These three appear to mortal man
Ev'ry pleasure to combine;
With the two last, I find I can
Do without the "Wein."

Lately at "Monday Popular"
Life with me became a dream;
Music of Brahms fled far by bar,
One harmonious stream.

But, turning quite unconsciously,
Sitting in the nearest place
I saw your form, nor rested me
Till I saw your face.

Up to that moment I had thought
To have heard the very best;
Your presence in a different sort
Gave the music zest.

I 'joyed! and saw you 'joyed as well;
Though it was not over bold;
My little cornered eye could tell
How the music told!

Your sparkling eyes fresh colour sent
To the racy quaint "Scherzo;"
And drooping, deeper paths lent
The "Adagio."

Who were you, neighbour? Who are
Musical I know you are; [you?
But have you brother kind and true?
Or a fond papa?

Are you a governess, for slow
Brats to say their lessons to?
I would I were a pupil, so
I might learn of you!

Perhaps you are some person's wife!
Married to some animal
Who seeks for pleasure in a life
Merely temporal!

No more I'll praise your charming
This only I will swear: [unien;
My concert nothing would have been
Had you not been there!

I wish next Monday you could slip
Brats or husband, one or all,
Into their beds, or bed, and trip
Down to James's Hall!

And if you wish to give a treat
(Music is refined through you),
Just sit upon the self-same seat,
I will sit there too!

"Wein, weib, gesang," says common man,
Seem to every joy combine;
With the two last, I find I can
Do without the "Wein."

PERCY REEVE.

A POPULAR CONCERT.

(From "The Graphic," Feb. 2.)

At Monday evening's concert, Mr Arthur Chappell presented his audience with another welcome novelty in the shape of a quartet in B flat from the inexhaustible pen of Franz Schubert. An early work, composed when Schubert was scarcely eighteen, this quartet is a very remarkable instance of his precocious genius. It was originally meant for a trio, but the original plan was speedily abandoned, and assumed the shape under which it is now presented. In each of the four movements we find the author in his happiest mood. What that means all who know, and knowing, cannot otherwise than love, the music of Schubert may well understand. If Schumann, his most devoted admirer, had only been acquainted with one half of what Schubert produced the world would have been the richer and the wiser for one of the most glowing testimonials that ever critic gave to artist—or, better still, that one great artist ever paid to another. How generously sympathetic was Schumann is proved, among various instances, in his articles upon Mendelssohn and our own Sterndale Bennett; but what he says about Schubert, "the imaginative painter, whose pencil was steeped now in moonbeams, now in the full glow of the sun" surpasses in enthusiasm whatever else he has written, childish enthusiasm in some respects it may be—nay undoubtedly is; but genuine for all that, and exhibiting the profoundly amiable nature of the eminent Leipzig critic, "Eusebius," "Florestan," and "Raro" all in one, even more conspicuously, perhaps, than his own beautiful works. The performance of the B flat quartet by Mdme Norman-Néruda—as much at home in Schubert as she is in Haydn and Mozart (which is saying no little)—Herr L. Ries, Mr Zerbini, and, in the absence of Piatti, Signor Pezze, was all that could be wished. It excited unmistakable interest, and has added a valuable contribution, hitherto unknown, to Mr Chappell's unprecedented repertory. A new pianist, Herr Ignaz Brüll, appeared at this concert, creating more or less of a sensation by his execution of Beethoven's last pianoforte sonata (in C minor and major, Op. 111), which Mdme Arabella Goddard, to her credit be it said, was first to introduce to the public at St James's Hall, seventeen years ago. Herr Brüll's performance, though unequal, was one of incontestable merit, and appreciated at its worth. Being recalled, he again took his seat at the piano, and played the *scherzo* from Schubert's sonata in G. Herr Brüll's great fault, according to our own impression, is an inclination to exaggerate the meaning of the composer he interprets. This was evident not only in Beethoven's sonata, but in the trio of Schubert's *scherzo*, in the artless simplicity of which lies its abiding charm. In Schumann's E flat quintet, Herr Brüll showed himself a pianist of the most demonstrative modern style. It was Mdme Norman-Néruda's last appearance at the Monday evening concerts for the present series, and, as if she wished to make her hearers regret her temporary loss, she played her very best—which signifies best of the best—in Leclair's quaint "Tambourin," for which, being encored, she substituted a Barcarolle by Spohr. We can only understand an "encore" to mean that the audience, content beyond measure, wish to listen once more to the identical piece that has charmed them; but nowadays "encore" would appear to signify two pieces for one—as much as to say, one hundred per cent for the cost entrance. Sims Reeves, following in the wake of the great contralto, Marietta Alboni, was among the first to resist this unwarrantable extortion; but Sims Reeves was unhappily what the French term *journalier*—or, in plain language, when in good voice, and consequently in good spirits, he would as readily come forward and sing again, no matter what, as the humblest and most anxiously aspiring of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, this great English artist might have set an example which in the end could not have failed to influence others. The vocalist at last Monday's Popular Concert was Mdme Antoinette Sterling, the popular American contralto. In addition to one of Schubert's exquisite Müller songs (exquisite, indeed, to have inspired Schubert so spontaneously) and Schumann's beautiful *Lied*, "Wenn ich früh"—so admirably translated from Rückert by John Oxenford—Mdme Sterling gave Mr J. W. Davison's setting of Beatrice Cenci's song, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," from Shelley's immortal, though impossible tragedy, with such deep and intelligent expression of the words as would have brought tears into the eyes of the most sensitive and impressionable of poets. Sir Julius Benedict was at the pianoforte—which means that, in each instance, the accompaniments were played to perfection.

AMONG curiosities collected by the Belgian expedition in Central Africa, is a musical instrument called *Nuhambey*, and resembling a harmonica, with iron-wood keys. The negroes use it to accompany their dances.

The Marseillaise.

The discussions in France on the subject of "La Marseillaise" have awakened some interest in the matter on the part of Englishmen; and Lord Houghton wrote, a few days ago, to a contemporary letter, in which he asserted, on the authority of the late Baron Bunsen, that "La Marseillaise" was not a French air at all, but an air of German origin. A letter dated Oxford, and bearing the by no means unintelligible signature of "M. M.," has since appeared, confirming Lord Houghton's view, and adding that the discovery as to the German origin of the great revolutionary air of France was due to Baron Bunsen's secretary. The French have hitherto declined to examine the charge of plagiarism brought against Rouget de l'Isle, who has passed in most countries, and certainly in France, as author of both the words and music of "La Marseillaise." Indeed, the one Frenchman who has given his attention to the matter has been railed at and pooh-poohed, as though the notion of the most famous of the very numerous national airs of France having been composed by a German was really too absurd. The late M. Castel-Blaze, however, declared at least twenty-five years ago that the melody of "La Marseillaise" was borrowed from a German Volkslied, and explained how it had come to pass that the officer, Rouget de l'Isle, who had studied at Strasburg University and afterwards lived at Strasburg, wrote French words to a German air. It may well be pleaded on behalf of Rouget de l'Isle that, in writing the words of the patriotic song which was afterwards to become known throughout the civilized world as the rallying song of Republican France, he had no idea of the future in store for it. He had been struck by the beauty and the fire of a highly inspiring martial melody which chanced to be German, in a part of France where nearly everything was German, and had fitted to it his own highly appropriate French words, without troubling himself as to the nationality of the notes. When, however, "La Marseillaise" had become intimately associated with some of the most notable achievements in French history, Frenchmen were naturally irritated to hear it said that their grandest national melody had been taken, without permission, from their German enemies; and the French may at this moment be divided into those who have no idea that "La Marseillaise" is of German origin, and those who, having heard something on the subject, prefer to say nothing about it; and with regard to such facts as have been brought positively beneath their notice, ignore them. It has been said that the late M. Castel-Blaze informed his countrymen a quarter of a century ago that "La Marseillaise" was the work, not of a French but of a German composer. This he did repeatedly both in newspapers and in books. Yet the only thing such a writer as Berlioz has to say on the subject is, that the idea of the melody of "La Marseillaise" not having been composed by Rouget de l'Isle is a mere delusion—a delusion, however, which he declines altogether to examine.

Possibly too much importance is attached to national airs, and too much time to inquiries as to their origin. It is not to be expected, however, that Englishmen will all remain silent when Lord Houghton asserts that our national anthem, "God save the King," is simply an adaptation from the French. Plenty of musicians and of persons whom it is the fashion to call "cultivated amateurs" would probably say, if for the first time in their lives they were seriously to consider the question, that "God save the King" was worth very little as a pure melody. But it is old, it is quaint, it is lopsided—the first section consisting of six bars, the second of eight; and thanks to its comparative antiquity, its seeming originality as belonging to another epoch, and its close connection with so much that is glorious in English history, Englishmen do not like to hear it said—especially as such is not the case—that it is the composition of the Italian scullion and fiddler, naturalized in France, under the name of Jean Baptiste Lulli, celebrated, after a time, as a composer of French operas. Lord Houghton did not invent this story, which has been published, republished, ridiculed, and rejected again and again. But Lord Houghton was probably the first person to whom it occurred that, after being composed by Lulli as a canticle for the young ladies of St Cyr, "God save the King" was "unscrupulously stolen" by Dr John Bull. We have ventured to suggest that, heard for the first time, apart from its highly patriotic but not very poetical words, the air of "God save the King" will scarcely be ranked with the

finest and grandest melodies—those, for instance, of "See the Conquering hero comes," or of the "Dead March" in *Saul*. But against this view it is only fair to set the fact that "God save the King" was at one time adopted as the national air of Prussia, and of several of the small German States, including, of course, Hanover; and that, until some thirty or thirty-five years ago, it also did duty as national anthem in Russia. At last it occurred to the Emperor Nicholas that Russia ought to have a national anthem of her own; and the Imperial will to that effect having been made known, a national anthem was in due course produced, and one, it must be acknowledged, which is an admirable specimen of its class. But the victories of Alexander I. were won to the tune of "God save the King;" and it was to the strains of "God save the King," varied by those of the Russian popular melody which became known as "Alexander's March," and also as the "Fall of Paris," that the Russian troops entered the French capital in 1814, and again in 1815. In 1815 England, Prussia, and Russia had only one national anthem between them; and though the Russians must have known well enough that their grand State melody was an importation from abroad, the Prussians and Germans generally used at that time to assert that "God save the King" was the composition of Handel, who had introduced it into England soon after his arrival in this country at the beginning of the last century.

A certain distinction, in fact, is given to the air of "God save the King" by the number of different theories put forward as to its origin. Many Englishmen will say confidently, as though there could be no doubt on the subject, that it was composed upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago by Dr John Bull, and it does seem a pity that John Bull's anthem should be due to any musician less happily named for national and patriotic purposes than the famous organist for whom the honour of having produced it, even as it now exists, is so frequently claimed. Many Germans still hold to the belief, notwithstanding its absolute groundlessness, that "God save the King" is the work of Handel. A few Frenchmen and one or two Englishmen, misled, as Lord Houghton has lately been, by a volume of fictitious memoirs, regard Lulli as its author, and account, as a rule, for its introduction into England by saying that Handel heard it as he was passing through Paris, and borrowed it for his own objects. Others, better informed, attribute it to Henry Carey, and others again to Dr Arne, who harmonized the air which Carey had modified and developed from an earlier air by Dr John Bull. There are almost as many different theories, then, about the origin of "God save the King" as about the birthplace of Homer; and it may be fairly said—what can scarcely be maintained in regard to the reputed birthplace of Homer—that more than one of these theories can be accepted as true. Our national anthem is due partly, and primarily, to Dr John Bull; partly to Henry Carey; partly to Dr Arne. Like the English Constitution, it has gone through a series of developments, and such a history is not unbecoming in the case of a truly national air.

Shaver Siffrer.

MAZURKE.

Ah! crois-le, sans perfidie
Je jouais la comédie,
Pourquoi ces pleurs dans tes yeux?
Près de toi, j'étais joyeux.
De l'acteur ou du comparse
Chaque rôle doit finir;
Mon amour n'est qu'une farce,
Pourquoi donc t'en souvenir?

Je n'espérais pas te plaire,
Je suis loin d'être exemplaire;
Je n'ai pas eu de Damas,
J'ai marché sans voir, hélas!
Comme le grand saint de Tarse,
Un éclair pour ma vertu.
Mon amour est une farce,
Pourquoi donc t'en souviens-tu?

5 janvier 1878.

Si je t'ai dit: "Je t'adore,"
Si d'un brillant météore
Tu crus posséder le feu,
Tout, crois-le, n'était qu'un jeu;
De mon cœur, la flamme éparse
Au tien ne peut convenir;
Mon amour n'est qu'une farce,
Pourquoi donc t'en souvenir?

Le Juif Errant, dans sa course
A dû boire à chaque source,
Ainsi j'étais altéré,
Je parlais "con amore."
Mon cœur aimait l'improromptu.
Fol esquil, il rentre en darsé,
Le chaînon est rabattu.
Mon amour est une farce,
Pourquoi donc t'en souviens-tu?

JULES-FRÉDÉRIC.

Moses Mendelssohn.

Sometime ago Mr Henry S. Hassfeld delivered an interesting lecture on Moses Mendelssohn, at the Sir Moses Montefiore Literary and Art Society.

After a few introductory remarks, the lecturer proceeded to sketch the early days of his hero, who, he said, was born at Dessau on the 6th September, 1729. His father, Mendel, was a Hebrew scribe, and from him Moses inherited the ardent desire to acquire knowledge which characterized his career. Moses grew up a puny, weak, timid boy, owing probably to the early death of his mother. However, Mendel did the best he could for him, and when he could, himself, no longer further his education, he placed him under the eminent David Herschel Frankel, then the Chief Rabbi of Dessau. Rabbi Frankel admired the eagerness with which his young pupil pursued his studies, and soon perceived that he was destined to rank above his fellows. Such was the unremitting attention that Mendelssohn gave to study that he seriously impaired his health. On the 17th August, 1743, Mendelssohn stood before the one gate of Berlin through which alone Jews were allowed to enter the city,—a diminutive, pallid, deformed, timid and shy youth of 14—knowing no one, without a penny in his pocket, or a single introduction; when he was interrogated as to how he meant to maintain himself, he replied “by learning,” and that he was going to call upon Rabbi Frankel. The Rabbi befriended Mendelssohn, who had, however, a hard lot, and was often reduced to such straits that he had to divide his bread into portions, so that it might last until he received his next pittance. After due time, he became proficient in the German language and literature, and philosophical works formed his principal study. After seven years’ stay in the capital, he obtained a tutorship in the house of one Bamberger, a silk merchant, and which still allowed him ample time to pursue his studies. Mr Hassfeld then described the great friendship which subsisted between Mendelssohn and Lessing, and sketched the happy consequences to both of that friendship, one result of which was the championship of Judaism by Lessing. In 1762 Mendelssohn petitioned Frederick the Great to confer on him the privilege of citizenship, which request was supported by Le Marquis d’Argen, who added the following witty sentence: “A bad Catholic philosopher petitions a bad Protestant to confer a privilege upon a poor Jewish philosopher: there is to much philosophy in all this, but that the right issue should be on the side of the request.” On the 19th October, 1762, Mendelssohn obtained the coveted privilege. The happy marriage of Mendelssohn with Fromat Gugenheim was here dwelt upon. After which the lecturer sketched the rapid advancement and popularity of Mendelssohn, and his principal works were mentioned with discriminating remarks upon their contents. Mendelssohn’s co-religionists—at least those who possessed more than the ordinary education of the time—regarded him with pride. It was otherwise with the ultra-orthodox Jews, who could not comprehend how one of their religious faith should understand German, write and read it; peruse such works as the “Messias” and the New Testament, and yet remain a Jew. Hence, they began to distrust him, as well his belief in the religion of his fathers. Our philosopher acutely perceived that to deliver his race from the lamentable prejudice which existed against them, and to raise them out of their then obscurity, they should not only be in possession of equal civil, political, and religious privileges, but also advance in education. Accordingly, he encouraged the use by them of the pure German, unmixed with Hebrew, which disfigured both languages. To further promote this object, he translated the Pentateuch into the national language. Still, notwithstanding his high character and extraordinary attainments, Mendelssohn was discredited by the bigoted and unlettered members of the community, who looked upon his translation of the Pentateuch into German as little short of sacrilege. Thus it was that he not alone had to labour assiduously for the advancement of the Jewish people, but at the same time to battle with their prejudices, and endeavour to persuade them to accept his counsel. After a few further remarks upon the close of the eventful life of Mendelssohn, Mr Hassfeld brought his lecture to a conclusion by reading a portion of Lessing’s “Nathan der Weise.”—*Jewish Chronicle*, Jan. 25, 1878.

NEW YORK.—The third of Thomas’s Symphony Concerts took place on Jan 5. Two public rehearsals had been previously given, and on each occasion the hall was well filled. The following is the programme:—

Selected Movements (Handel); Concerto, in D minor, for three pianos (J. S. Bach)—Messrs R. Hoffman, W. Mason, and F. Duleken; Masonic Funeral Music (Mozart); Overture, *Coriolanus* (Beethoven); Symphony, in C minor, No. 1 (Brahms).

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The ninth of Mr John Boosey’s present series of ballad concerts took place in St James’s Hall on Wednesday evening. The artists were the same as before, with the exception of Mdme Osborne-Williams, who took the place of Miss Orridge, absent through indisposition. Mdme Williams sang Henry Smart’s “Lady of the Lea” and “Katey’s Letter,” and joined Miss Mary Davies in the duet, “I know a bank.” The usual enthusiasm was exhibited by the audience, who insisted on “encoring” a number of pieces; in other words, obtaining two songs in place of one set down in the programme. Mr Reeves and Mr Santley were both in good “form,” Mr Reeves repeating John Barnett’s new song, “Stay at home,” and Mr Santley substituting “The Leather Bottel” for the encore demanded after Dibdin’s “The Token.” Mdme Antoinette Sterling could not resist the demand for a repetition of Sullivan’s “The Lost Chord,” and an Irish song, “John O’Grady,” set to the inimitable words of the late John Oxenford. There were several other songs “re-demanded” in the usual hearty manner of the London Ballad Concert audience. Mdme Arabella Goddard’s performances met with the usual storm of applause, the admired pianist being called back after each piece. Mr Sydney Naylor occupied his usual position of accompanist.

George Cruikshank.

BORN 1792. DIED FEBRUARY 1, 1878.
(From “Punch.”)

England is the poorer by what she can ill-spare—a man of genius. Good, kind, genial, honest, and enthusiastic George Cruikshank, whose frame appeared to have lost so little of its wiry strength and activity, whose brain seemed as full of fire and vitality at four-score as at forty, has passed away quietly and painlessly after a few days’ struggle. He never worked for *Punch*, but he always worked with him, putting his unresting brain, his skill—in some forms of Art unrivalled—and his ever productive fancy, at the service of humanity and progress, good works, and goodwill to man. His object, like our own, was always to drive home truth and urge on improvement by the powerful forces of fun and humour, clothed in forms sometimes fanciful, sometimes grotesque, but never sullied by a foul thought, and ever dignified by a wholesome purpose.

His four-score and six years of life have been years of unintermitting labour, that was yet, always, labour of love. There never was a purer, simpler, more straightforward, or altogether more blameless man. His nature had something child-like in its transparency. You saw through him completely. There was neither wish nor effort to disguise his self-complacency, his high appreciation of himself, his delight in the appreciation of others, any more than there was to make himself out better, or cleverer, or more unselfish than his neighbours.

In him England has lost one who was, in every sense, as true a man as he was a rare and original genius, and a pioneer in the art of illustration. It is gratifying to see the tributes of hearty recognition his death has called forth. It is a duty on *Punch*’s part, as a soldier in the same army in which George Cruikshank held such high rank so long, to add his wreath to the number already laid upon this brave old captain’s grave.

Quodlibet.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—An idea once struck me; so I struck the idea, then struck for wages, and lastly struck my wife. I am sorry to trouble you, but, being penitent, I am moved to confess. Yours obediently,

ABEL GROGG.

[Mr Grogg must be stricken in his mind; so at least it will strike all but professional cricketers, and strikers of the absolute keyboard.—*Wito Beards*.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

ELEVENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 9, 1878.

DOUBLE QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 87, No. 3, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. WIENIAWSKI, L. RIES, POLLITZER, WIKNER, ZERBINI, BURNETT, DAUBERT, and Signor PIATTI Spohr.
SERENADE, "Awake, awake" (Violoncello obbligato—Signor PIATTI)—Mr SIMS REEVES Piatti.
SONATA APPASSIONATA, for pianoforte alone—Herr IGNAZ BRÜLL Beethoven.
PRELUDE, ALLEMANDE, and COURANTE, in D major, from Suite No. 6, for violoncello alone—Signor PIATTI Bach.
AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr SIMS REEVES Beethoven.
SONATA, in A minor, for pianoforte and violin (first time)—MM. IGNAZ BRÜLL and WIENIAWSKI Rubinstein.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1878.

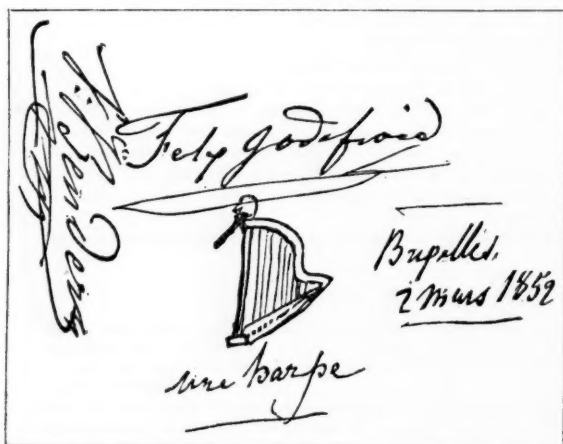
PART I.
TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. IGNAZ BRÜLL, WIENIAWSKI, and Signor PIATTI... Beethoven.
AIR, "Sorge infausta" *Orlando*—Mr PYATT Handel.
ETUDES EN FORME DE VARIATIONS, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone—Herr IGNAZ BRÜLL Schumann.

PART II.
LEGEND, for violin—Herr WIENIAWSKI Wieniawski.
SONG, "The Wanderer"—Mr PYATT Schubert.
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, clarinet, French horn, bassoon, violoncello, and contrabass—MM. WIENIAWSKI, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, WENDTLAND, WOTTEN, REYNOLDS, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

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No. 7.



The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

Who's Who and What's What.



SO the "Marseillaise" and "God save," the Rouget de L'Isle (or Lisle—or Lille) and Bull, controversy has sprung up again. Heu cauda! What next and next? Cave canem! Put out the candle. When we have William Chappell, why not leave such matters exclusively to him? What are those "national" airs to Lord Houghton, or Lord Houghton to those "national" airs? To put it plainly—as Weist

Hill would say (or sing):—



—have you read Pomponatus (De Incantationibus), Cardanus (De Subtilitate), or the Amphitheatrum of Vaninus? If not, by the aid of Albertus Magnus (or, pace the late Prince Consort, Maximus), and Cornelius Agrippa, raise up Nero, and to that august shadow declaim, in emphatically sepulchral accents, the Satiricon of his whilome Arbiter Elegantiarum, Petronius.

Septimus Mind.



At the Salmon and Razor.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Are you for Houghton or for Grove?
MR PURPLE POWIS.—I'm for Grove.
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I'm for Houghton.
MR PURPLE POWIS.—Are you for Grove or for Southgate?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I'm for Grove.
MR PURPLE POWIS.—I'm for Southgate.
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Are you for Southgate or for S. E.?
MR PURPLE POWIS.—I'm for Sutherland Edwards.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I'm for Shaver Silver.
 MR PURPLE POWIS.—Are you for Bull, or for Carey?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I'm for William Chappell.
 MR PURPLE POWIS.—Are you for Rouget de l'Isle?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—No—nor for Rouget de l'Isle.
 MR PURPLE POWIS.—I have more than once deliberated.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—And I.
 MR PURPLE POWIS.—Are you for Russia or for Turkey?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I'm for Russia.
 MR PURPLE POWIS.—You're a goose.

[Exeunt severally—greatly pacified.]

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—The late Baron de Bunsen used to assert that the "Marseillaise" was an old South German, perhaps Alsatian, air adapted by Rouget de l'Isle on the reception of the Marseilles regiment at Strasburg, whence it spread like wild-fire throughout France. I should be glad if this supposition could be fairly examined. Having the volume of Rouget de l'Isle's compositions before me, I am struck by the immense superiority of this melody over all the rest, the only one that shows anything of a similar vigour being the song of the fabulous destruction of the "Vengeur," the chorus of which, "Mourons pour la patrie" was attached to the "Parisienne" of 1830.

Were this origin authenticated, the French might find some consolation in the knowledge that "God save the King" was composed by Lully, and first produced on the visit of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon to the convent of the Desmoiselles de St Cyr. Some years after it was happily and unscrupulously appropriated by Dr John Bull, organist of St Paul's.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
 January 31. HOUGHTON.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" AND THE "MARSEILLAISE."

The following letters, in reply to a communication from Lord Houghton to the *Times*, have been addressed to the editor of that journal.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Lord Houghton says that "God save the King" was composed by Lully, first produced on the visit of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon to the convent of St Cyr, and some years after "happily and unscrupulously appropriated" by Dr John Bull, organist of St Paul's. I am sorry to destroy so fair and coherent an edifice; but St Cyr was founded in 1686, while Bull was buried at Antwerp, March 15, 1628. Bull was organist of the Chapel Royal and Gresham Professor, but there is no trace of his having been organist of St Paul's. The history of "God save the King" is curiously meagre and obscure, but I believe I am right in saying that there is nothing to give Lully, and very little to give Dr John Bull, any share in its composition.
 G. GROVE.

Lower Sydenham, Feb. 1.

SIR,—The claim advanced on behalf of Rouget de l'Isle for the authorship of the "Marseillaise" has frequently been impugned, and it is now generally admitted that the famous air is not by him. According to the writer of an article which appears in *Die Gauleterlande* in the year 1860, the real composer of the tune was a German musician named Holzman; the melody in question is to be found in a "Mass" which he wrote about the year 1776. Rouget de l'Isle was but a boy at this period, and as he did not go with his regiment to Strasburg until the year 1792, it is certain that the tune was written prior to that event. It is, however, quite possible that the French officer may have supplied the tune with words, and thus have adapted it to the use of his own country.

Lord Houghton's assertion that our National Anthem was composed by Lully, and "some years after unscrupulously appropriated by Dr John Bull," is utterly at variance with facts and dates. As Dr Bull died at Antwerp in the year 1628, and Lully was not born until 1634, it is clear that the English organist could not have appropriated a theme by the Italian composer. This statement as to the French origin of "God save the King," first appeared in the "Souvenirs de la Marquise Créqui," a work published at Paris in 1834. Lord Houghton is evidently unaware that this work is a forgery. The book is only a clumsy modern *réchauffé* of old anec-

dotes, &c. It was thoroughly exposed in the June number of the *Quarterly Review* for 1834. The writer of the notice characterizes the pretence that the Marquise de Créqui wrote these spurious memoirs as "the most insigne mensonge ever propounded." He further describes the work as "the grossest and most impudent of impostures," and terms its contents "vulgar trash and fabrications."

The German proverb, "Ein Volkslied dichtet sich selbst," aptly describes what one may call the gradual evolution of our National Anthem. Its germ is evidently to be found in an old carol, "Remember O thou Man," printed in a curious collection of "Musical Phancies," entitled *Melismata*, published by Ravenscroft in 1611. There are airs in the works of Dr John Bull, Dr Benjamin Rogers, and Henry Purcell, among others, which closely resemble the modern tune. Its origin was first claimed for Dr Bull by Richard Clark in the year 1822. This claim was chiefly grounded on the supposed similarity the tune bore to a voluntary in an old Dutch manuscript collection of some pieces by Dr Bull. On the matter being investigated by Dr W. Kitchener and Mr W. Chappell it was discovered that this particular piece had been extensively tampered with and altered, in order to increase its resemblance to "God save the King." The anthem was first sung in its present form by Henry Carey at a banquet given in London to celebrate the capture from the Spaniards of the strong fort of Portobello, on the isthmus of Darien. This occurred in November, 1739; the song was first published in *Harmonia Anglicana Circa*, 1742. In all probability Carey, who was a prolific song writer, worked up some old materials, and sang the song for this special occasion. The song quickly became popular, and if Carey cannot be said to have composed it, his name should certainly be connected with the present form in which our National Anthem appears.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
 T. L. SOUTHGATE.

February 2.

SIR,—The view Lord Houghton appears to have adopted from Baron Bunsen as to the German origin of "La Marseillaise" is supported by a well-informed and accurate French writer on musical subjects, the late Castil-Blaze. This same writer ridicules the idea of Lully's having composed "God save the Queen." The story of his having done so was first, I believe, published in the fictitious memoirs attributed to the "Duchess of Perth;" and according to this anecdote the air was introduced into England not by Dr John Bull, but by a composer of a much later date, the illustrious Handel. Dr John Bull stole "God Save the Queen" from no one. Neither did Handel. Mr William Chappell, in his work on popular English music, shows plainly enough that, though Dr John Bull harmonized a chant on the four words "God save the King," the composer of the National Anthem was Henry Carey. M. Castil-Blaze, writing on this subject long before Mr William Chappell, arrived at the same conclusion, that "God save the King" was the composition of Henry Carey.

With "La Marseillaise" and without "God save the King" (which they never seriously claimed), the French have still four more or less national airs, "Vive Henri Quatre;" "La Parisienne," 1830; "Mourons pour la Patrie," 1848 (Lord Houghton speaks of these two last airs as forming but one); and the Bonapartist air "Partant pour la Syrie."—Your obedient servant,
 S. E.

(To be indefinitely continued.)

M. CAPOUL is engaged at the Paris Italian Opera to sing in the *Traviata* with Mdle Albani.

Le Petit Duc, of M. Lecocq, is a real success, not merely in an artistic but in a pecuniary sense.

At the Popular Concert to-day, Rubinstein's second sonata, for pianoforte and violin (A minor), is to be played by Herr Brüll and M Wieniawski.

THE Saturday Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed to-day, under the direction of Mr. August Manns. The symphony chosen is the magnificent *Eroica* of Beethoven.

It is not true that M. Léon Escudier is about to undertake the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris. He has more than enough on his hands with the Opéra Italien.

MR KUHE's annual Brighton Festival commences on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. We have received the prospectus and shall refer to it next week. It looks decidedly attractive.

On Change.



DR SHIPPING.—The difference between Schumann and Mendelssohn is the difference between Keats and Shelley.

DR QUINCE.—Fudge! Say Naso and Maro.

DR SHIPPING.—Mario?

DR QUINCE.—No—Maro.

DR SHIPPING.—Ovidius and Virgilius?—Fudge!

DR QUINCE.—Fudge in your teeth! [Ezeunt severally—enraged.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DR (why Doctor?) ARTHUR SULLIVAN is still at Nice, and deriving real benefit from the beneficent climate of that erewhile Italian "Nizza." He has been giving a concert with that accomplished amateur, Mme Conneau; but would have done still better had he accompanied the Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli—of blessed memory) in some of the beautiful *Lieder* of "Vaterland." We hope they have made acquaintance. Two such people in the same town should not be strangers to each other.

THE Milan papers do not speak in flattering terms of Gounod's *Cinq-Mars*, which, from one cause or another (several are dwelt upon), has apparently been a quasi-failure at the Scala. Comparisons are made between *Cinq-Mars* and *Faust*, by no means complimentary to the new work. It needly scarcely be said, however, that such an opera as *Faust* is a *rara avis*.

THE success of Adelina Patti at Naples, where she made her first appearance at the San Carlo, was extraordinary. The vast theatre, according to the local papers, was crowded in every part. The opera was *La Traviata*. The Neapolitans had never seen such a Violetta before, and were moved accordingly.

THE remains of the great composer, Franz Schubert, which have long remained side by side with those of Beethoven, in the Währinger Cemetery, at Vienna, are, at the expense and on the responsibility of the Wiener Männer-gesangverein, to be removed to the Central Cemetery.—Wagner's *Siegfried* (the third part of the *Niebelungen* Tetralogy), is in rehearsal at Munich.

CHRISTINE NILSSON leaves St Petersburg for Vienna about the middle of the month. On her road thither she is to sing at concerts in different German towns. She will appear on the 3rd of March at the Imperial Operahouse, most probably as Marguerite in *Faust*, with Mme Trebelli as Siebel, Sig. Massini as Faust, and Herr Behrens as Mephistopheles.

THE catalogue of a sale of autographs at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris, included some interesting lots. Auher's receipt for 12,300 francs for the performance of his "Te Deum" at the baptism of the Prince Imperial fetched 100 francs; a letter from Gounod, 26 francs; a letter from Méhul, 20 francs; and a letter from Rouget de l'Isle to the Committee of Public Safety, 32 francs.

A VENERABLE monument of the Protestant Church is once more made accessible by the German Society of Musical Research. It is the oldest Wittenberg four-part Hymn-book, which Johann Walther got up at Luther's request. Fears were long entertained of its having ceased to exist, till, some twenty-five years ago, one part was found in Dresden, and another in the State Library, Munich. With the help of the edition of 1525, Herr Otto Kade, Musical Director at Schwerin, has produced a faithful score, with observations on the various readings of previous editions.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Saturday last Signor Fogelberg gave a very successful concert at the Royal Academy of Music. He was assisted on the occasion by some well-known professional friends. A prominent feature of the concert, however, was the introduction of several of this master's pupils. Mme Hodson in her rendering of "O mio Fernando" reflected much credit on the training of Signor Fogelberg, as did also Mr Vitton in Wallace's "Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze." Miss Beata Francis gave a very artistic rendering of Bellini's "Ah, se un urna," and also of Hatton's "Kirtle red." Mmes Odoardo Barri, Bouchais, Messrs Power, G. Scales, Signori De Monaco, De Lara, Tito Mattei, Bisaccia, and Scuderi, contributed much to the success of the concert.

A CONCERT was given on Monday evening, Feb. 4th, at the Eyre Arms, St John's Wood, for the benefit of the Portland Town Charities. The hall was filled by an influential and appreciative audience, drawn together by an unusually attractive programme. Among the numerous encores and recalls may specially be mentioned "The Lost Chord," charmingly sung by Miss Julia Elton; a new patriotic song, "Waiting the call to charge the foe," sung by Mr Lewis Thomas; and "Let me dream again," sung by Mme Edith Wynne. Mr John Thomas contributed harp solos; and Benedict's "Andantino," and Chopin's "Posthumous Mazurka" was performed by Miss Lawrance, Messrs W. Henry Thomas, Rose, and Signor Mattei, the latter gentlemen also playing pianoforte solos. The conductor was Mr W. Henry Thomas.

MR CHARLES POOLE, a young aspirant to vocal honours, made a successful *début* at his concert in the Athenæum, Camden Road, on Monday evening, February 4. Mr Poole (pupil of Signor Vaschetti) possesses a well cultivated voice, which was heard to advantage in various songs and concerted pieces. His delivery of his master's song, "A Forest Violet," was especially good, and obtained cordial applause. Mesdames Liebhart, Marie Belval, Mdles Blanche Navarre, Gladstone, Messrs Stanislaus, Edward Feild, and Hargood (vocalists), with Mme Varley Liebe (violin), and Mr Lehmeier (pianoforte) assisted Mr Poole. Mme Liebhart in Mr G. B. Allen's "Little bird so sweetly singing" (violin *obbligato*, Mme Liebe), and Mme Belval in Sig. Vaschetti's "First Rose of Summer," met with unanimous approval. Mr Lehmeier's performance of a new Caprice by Mr Henry Ketten was greatly admired. He also accompanied the vocal music.

PROVINCIAL.

THE KENNEDYS IN EDINBURGH.—The natives of "Edina Scotia's darling seat," who are proverbial rather for phlegmatic than sanguineous temperaments, were roused to the greatest pitch of enthusiasm on the Kennedy Family's return visit, last week, to that city. "Bang went their saxpences," and the Music Hall was crowded for four consecutive evenings with admiring and appreciative audiences. The favourite old songs and ballads were warmly received; and, by way of variety, the programme was interspersed with a few items of a novel and pleasing kind. Miss Marjory Kennedy gave, with much pathos, Miss Muloch's touching ballad, "Comin' Hame" (music by J. C. Grieve). "Jeanie Morrison," "Sound the Slogan!" (the music of the former and words of the latter by W. Henderson), "Dark Lochnagar" (music by J. C. Rait), were sung respectively by Mr Kennedy, Mr D. Kennedy, jun. (composer of "Sound the Slogan!"), and Mr James Kennedy, and elicited the highest encomiums from the local critics.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On Wednesday, Jan. 30, Mrs John Macfarren gave one of her popular pianoforte and vocal recitals in the Hartley Hall to an audience of over one thousand persons. The re-appearance in Southampton of the accomplished pianist gave general satisfaction, and the enthusiastic reception with which she was welcomed must have been highly gratifying to her. She played with her accustomed refinement and artistic finish one of Beethoven's sonatas and a series of brilliant pieces, chiefly by classical composers, eliciting frequent and prolonged applause. The vocal music, which agreeably diversified the programme, was entrusted to two very promising students of the Royal Academy of Music—Miss Trowbridge (soprano) and Miss Featherby (contralto), both pupils of Mr Walworth. Their fresh young voices told with charming effect in the duets, "Quis est homo?" (Rossini), and "Autumn Song" (Mendelssohn). The performance concluded at an early hour, and was in all respects highly successful. Encores were frequent throughout the evening, but their acceptance was judiciously limited to one song from each of the fair vocalists.—(From an occasional Correspondent.)

ALTRINCHAM.—Mr Welby Wallace gave a concert at the Altrincham and Bowdon Institute last Monday, which was eminently successful. He was assisted by Mdle Redeker, Miss Emily Thornton, Signor Brocolini, and Mr Ignace Gibsons. Mdle

Redeker sang various German *Lieder*, and Miss Thornton songs by Sullivan, &c., &c. Mr Welby Wallace gave Mr Gibsons's "Message from my Lady fair" so well that he was unanimously called upon to repeat it. Signor Brocolini had the same compliment paid him after Mr J. P. Knight's "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." Mr Ignace Gibsons played his two popular solos, "Marche Bresillienne" and "Stella" (Valse de Concert), which being re-demanded, he gave his "Serenade" from the fourth book of his "Meditations." "It is not often" (says a local paper) "that Altrincham receives a visit from such talented artists."

WHITLEY (SURREY).—The choir of King Edward's School, "assisted by friends," gave a concert on Wednesday, January 16th, and attracted an audience of about 600. The school is a training one for the navy, and has about 200 boys, who assist at the annual invitation concert given by the chaplain and his amiable wife. The concert was very enjoyable. A setting of "Sweet and Low," by "Grazia," was so charmingly rendered by a young lady amateur that the audience insisted on hearing it again. The same lady also took the solo parts in the song and chorus, "Children's Voices," by the late "Claribel." Among other concerted pieces received with favour were a part-song, entitled "How gently the moonlight," and a setting by Mr Fanning, of the Royal Academy of Music, of "The Song of the Vikings." The National Anthem was sung at the end.

SOUTHPORT.—A concert was given at the Pavilion on Saturday evening, February 4th. The artists were Mmes Rose Hersee and Enriquez, Messrs Cecil Tovey and Barton McGuckin (vocalists); Mr Edwin Bending (pianoforte); and Mr Keppel (flute). Mde Hersee was in capital voice, and in Bishop's song, "Ye little birds," fairly enchanted the audience. Mde Enriquez, now one of our best contraltos, made a decided impression, her rich-toned voice being heard to advantage in "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr Barton McGuckin was received with great favour, and after singing "My Pretty Jane," "he was"—says the *Southport Daily News*—"greeted with such marks of enthusiastic approval as must have been exceedingly gratifying." Mr Bending and Mr Keppel were both favourably received, the audience trying their best to make Mr Keppel repeat his flute solo ("The Keel Row").

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Friday, the 1st inst., Costa's *Naaman* was performed. The character of this work is so well known, and its many beauties so widely appreciated, as to render any explanation, or opinion as to its merits unnecessary. It has, in fact, become firmly established in public favour. Apart from the honour due to their conductor, the society could not ignore the position *Naaman* occupied in the realm of oratorio; its re-introduction not only is an acknowledgment of its qualities, but also proved the desire to afford subscribers an opportunity of hearing a work other than that taken from the somewhat limited repertory, with which it is the custom of the society to limit its efforts. Besides giving pleasure to the general audience, as was witnessed by enthusiastic applause and encores, it supplies excellent models of vocal writing and instrumental colouring to art students. Musical ideas are often impoverished by feebleness and crudeness of expression, a charge from which some of the present day are not always exempt. In *Naaman*, whatever exception may be made to the originality of its themes, none can tax it with deficiency or inappropriateness of orchestral embodiment. Shades of tone are blended and relieved with the skill of a perfect master; and the collective power of the entire musical force moves with majesty to the several climaxes. Concerning the performance little can be said in derogation; the band one and all exerted themselves to the utmost, obeying every motion and fulfilling every wish of their chief. The chorus, showing the improvement so conspicuous this season, sang as though they were engaged in a work which called forth their warmest sympathies. The solo singers were also efficient, always securing the attention and frequently exciting the admiration and enthusiasm of the audience. Miss Robertson made her *début* at Exeter Hall on this occasion in the part of Adah, first undertaken—or as our French friends would say "created"—by Mde Adeline Patti, when the oratorio was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1864. That Miss Robertson should obliterate the memory of her great predecessor could not be expected; but comparisons, ever odious, need not be made. Enough to say that the young and promising artist's brilliancy of voice, power of expression, and abandon, obtained for her the warmest praise. Her upper register is eminently adapted to the music allotted to Adah. In the practice of her voice, however,

care should be exercised in the development and cultivation of its lower tones; and the sharp percussion-like force of too frequent accents produces a feeling of restlessness by impeding the flow of well balanced rhythm. She was deservedly enored in "Maker of every star," and her future career in oratorio will be looked forward to with great interest. Mrs Osgood, another comparative stranger to the society, sang the music of the Shunammite woman with great success. Her clear, sweet, and cultivated voice suiting well the pathetic sentiments of the character. Her charm of manner was noteworthy, but perhaps the pleasant smile on her animated countenance was hardly appropriate at times. An oratorio singer should avoid any levity of manner, however enticing, as the themes enunciated command seriousness, if not gravity of utterance. Mde Patey's fine voice was heard to the utmost advantage in the sweet, unaffected air, "I dreamt I dwelt in heaven," which called forth the heartiest encore of the evening. Mr Vernon Rigby, entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, sang the music of Naaman with that charm and breadth of voice which never fail to secure him hearty appreciation. Mr Sauvage represented the small part of Gehazi in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Mr Santley found a part congenial to his style and voice, and worthy his splendid abilities. The composer conducted with true parental care, and was, of course, the hero of the evening.

F. L. AP'GWFFIN.

—o—
Jnu.

COLLETTE V. GOOD.

(Before FRY.)

Time of Court occupied nearly two days in trial for breach of copyright in comic song, with which public is amused at theatres and music-halls. Collette, plaintiff, actor at Globe Theatre, is author of song, "What an Afternoon!"—sung by him in *Cryptocochloidsymphonostomata*, of which following is specimen:—

"His trousers' sleeves were bright green-red,
With velvet collar of white black-lead;
He also moved his legs when he walked,
And he generally spoke when he usually talked ;"

—refrain, "What an afternoon!" repeated after each line. Collette, when publishing song, March, 1875, employed Coote and Church, Bond Street, to "push" sale, and supplied copies, out of which he was to be paid 6d. Coote and Church, in pursuance of authority to push sale, licensed printers to include in penny sheets plaintiff's song, £3 a year being subscription for liberty to print songs, including one in question. Collette commenced actions against four publishers of penny sheets. Actions consolidated, and order made under Judicature Act by which Coote and Church were brought fore Court as defendants. Cookson, Q.C., and Shortt appeared for plaintiff; North, Q.C., Begg, and De Conrey Atkins for Messrs Coote and Church. Penny sheets produced showed that "What an Afternoon!" was song of day. Name prominent in heading, and sheet ornamented on front with wood-cut—rough imitation of plaintiff's lithograph. Plaintiff alleged that whole value of composition was in the words; air too simple not to be caught; once running in head must be combed out; and sale of expensive copies lessened by sale of penny sheets. Alleged, on other hand, that sale of sheets increased popularity of song and demand for better copies. Technical points of pleading and on Copyright taken, Fry decided against defendants, and arrangement was made, under which perpetual injunctions and amount of damages were agreed upon. T. DUFF SHORT.

IMPROMPTU.

My dear Mrs Prown,
I am not in town,
So to the Midland I'm not very near,
But, ma'am, your letter was forwarded
here,
Where I am at work, night and day,
On a rather troublesome play.
If on Tuesday you'd like to go
To the Strand—the theatre, you know,
To see a comedy, *Family Ties*,
And the burlesque (both I advise),
Then present the enclosed, and you

Will find a box at your service. Do.
If luck I have, perhaps I shall be
At the theatre, and you'll see.
But, anyhow, I do not mean
In the metropolis to be seen
Until I've done
What I've begun.
Yours very truly, in words and deeds,
And hoping, before you are off to Leeds,
To see you somewhere—perhaps the
Strand,
Yours very truly,—F. C. HERR NAND.

THE STAGE IN 1877.

(From the "Times.")

The year which has just closed may on two counts claim to be something less barren of particular interest than its predecessor. The production of the late Lord Lytton's posthumous play, *The House of Darnley*, at the Court Theatre, and the production of a new and orthodox version of Shakspeare's *Richard III.* at the Lyceum Theatre, were events of larger mark in theatrical annals than any the year 1876 could boast. Whatever may be the intrinsic value of these two works, or the merits of their form or presentation, they are of more importance as indicating an attempt at least at departure from the stereotyped groove of modern theatrical invention and modern theatrical resource than, unless we are to except the production of Mr Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, any work that has been produced within this decade. A bastard and distorted version of Shakspeare's play had held undisturbed and, indeed, approved possession of our stage for upwards of a century and a half, till within this year Mr Irving had the courage to break the bonds of tradition; while a new play from "Bulwer Lytton," far from the most voluminous, but, by virtue of the enduring vitality of *Money* and the *Lady of Lyons*, the most successful dramatist of the present century, could not but raise, if it has been unable wholly to satisfy, a more than common curiosity. It will be our business to refer again more specially to these two productions, but the bare fact of their appearance raises the year above the somewhat monotonous level which the stage landscape has for some seasons past presented; a landscape not without fertility, and capable of affording an agreeable retreat to many, but deficient in variety, and in a sound and copious system of cultivation. In other respects, however, the year which is gone presents much the same general features as did the year which went before it. No new actor of importance has arisen, nor any new author, while those already proved have not exerted themselves to encourage new tastes or discover fresh subjects for applause. Yet it does not seem that they have experienced any decrease of public favour. Fashion seems to set more strongly towards the theatre than has been the case in recent years. According to her caprice it is now the operatic and now the dramatic stage that she is pleased to patronise. A few years ago the former carried the day, and now the star of the latter is in the ascendant. In one sense certainly there is truth in the assertion of those who are loud in upholding the vigorous vitality of the modern stage—that at no previous period of its history has it been more flourishing or more assured. The increase in the number of theatres enables many varieties of tastes to be gratified, not all of which perhaps directly tend to the elevation of morals or the refinement of manners. Yet in its sternest and most judicial mood criticism cannot afford to forget that the theatre which supplies a recognized demand fulfils at least one of the missions of the stage in contributing to the amusement of the people.

Of the two plays already mentioned by name, *The House of Darnley*, one of the latest of the year in point of time, yet, for the reasons specified, one of the first in point of importance, leads us to the Court Theatre, which still shares with the Prince of Wales' the chief place among our theatres, by virtue of good acting and a sound, liberal, and intelligent system of management. Bulwer Lytton's posthumous play was produced on October 6th, and already a change has been notified in the bill. Compared with the protracted career of many a play inferior both in literary and dramatic worth, this is but a short term of success; and as Mr Hare has always proved himself quick to appreciate the popular feeling, and refrained, with sound, yet too uncommon, judgment from any attempt to force the popular verdict, we may be assured that the new comedy has fairly exhausted the measure of approval the public are inclined to bestow on it. Not so very many years ago, that a play should have been presented for some eighty or ninety successive nights would have been a miracle indeed. But the age of miracles is past, and that a play written by the author of the best English comedy that has been seen since the *School for Scandal*, anticipated with the liveliest curiosity, and confessedly acted in admirable style by the principal actors, should have kept the stage for only a quarter of a year seems little short of a failure. Did its withdrawal signify only a wise departure from an injurious custom, we could find words only for congratulation; but, as it must be taken as indicative of an inability to please, we confess to our regret. *The House of Darnley* was certainly written in a style the fashion of which has long since passed away—a fashion set rather by art than nature, yet capable of displaying in their highest degree the graces of language, of wit, of pathos, and of humour. The favour which is shown to any capable representation of *Money* would seem to imply that this fashion, though not now in vogue, is still recognized as one which could present subjects for admiration, if not example, and that *The House of Darnley* was not regarded with indifference solely because it was

of an obsolete pattern. That it is as good as *Money* none have ventured to assert; but that the author, had it been permitted to him to finish what he had begun, and to superintend its preparation for the stage, would in all probability have produced a work far superior to that which now bears his name has been admitted with equal readiness. When we remember some of the plays which have succeeded, it is difficult to account precisely for the failure of *The House of Darnley*, and when we consider some of the plays which are succeeding now, the doubt whether we have improved so much upon the taste and intelligence of our fathers, as some declare, need not imply for this one a very extravagant degree of merit. The length, perhaps, offended some, and many, we do not doubt, were found to laugh at the stately and, to modern ears, somewhat formal language, while no work need hope to be produced in these days in which some ingenious commentator will not make haste to detect the finger of the plagiarist. Yet it found many admirers, who, while not unconscious of its defects, still hailed it as at least an effort after something larger and more sound than much which they are pressed to admire in the present day. It was not the best, perhaps, but it was better than most; it was not the rose herself, yet it had some of her sweetness. These, however, were seemingly in the minority. The town, apparently, has not cared for it, and the taste of the town, though it may be censured or deplored, cannot be gained. The acting, however, was more generally praised, and few were found to dissent from the high opinion expressed of the manner in which Mr Hare, Mr Kelly, and Miss Ellen Terry presented the principal personages, while the chief objection urged against the other performers had not much weight with those who could find nothing to praise in the play. This constitutes the only event of importance in the annals of the Court Theatre, only one other play, indeed, having been upon the stage in the whole course of the year. This was *New Men and Old Acres*, an entertaining and very popular comedy, the work of Mr Tom Taylor and Mr Dubourg, written some eight years ago for the Haymarket, and produced here in the winter of 1876, from which time it continued to attract audiences up to the period of the summer holidays.

(To be continued.)

To Miss Hill, Esq.

DEAR WEIST,—You are dubbed our "English Costa"—and with reason. I never heard a finer performance of Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony" since I first became acquainted with it (1842, at a Philharmonic Concert in the Hanover Square Rooms), when Mendelssohn himself conducted. Accept my thanks, and congratulate M^{me} Jenny Viard-Louis—about whom and whose concerts (the Editor of the *Musical World* permitting), I shall have something to say. The ever-glorious *Guillaume Tell* was also a treat. But why that long-winded Raff?

Yours, dear Weist, sincerely,

Otto Beard.

Tadcaster—Service Tree and Sable, Feb. 6.

GOD'S ANGELS ON EARTH.*

Soft hands stretch'd out thro' the darkness of night, Hands that are purest of hue! Eyes yearning into the shadowy light, Eyes that are tender and true!	Thrilling hearts weary, with Hope's sunny power, Till the faint pulses leap high, As the sweet syren life's desert doth flower With immortelles from the sky;
Low voices floating to wand'ers afar, Sympathy moulding each tone! Pleadings that flash like the gleam of a star Into hearts wayward and lone,—	Luring stray'd souls from Fear's wil- derness drear Back to the Shepherd's fair fold; Steeping the crosses He wills they shall bear In His love's purple and gold!
Stilling the tempests within them that roar, E'en as the waves of the tide, When the wrath-foam flecks the azure all o'er With the white passion of pride.	Who doth not know of some angel of light Veil'd in the garb we wear here? Who doth not murmur each morning and night Some name both sacred and dear?

Yes, thanks be to God! thro' life's darkest night
Stars shine as from Heaven above;
And the bright beacon-orbs are the sweet eyes that light
Our earth with that Heaven's own love!

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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

WEBER ON LIBERTY OF RHYTHM.

At the request of Praeger, the conductor of the Opera in Leipsic, who was about to bring out *Euryanthe* there, Weber indicated by the metronome the speed at which he wished his work to be played. The letter which he wrote to Praeger on that occasion contains many interesting æsthetical observations, some of general importance, others relating specially to *Euryanthe*. Referring to the duet between Adolar and Euryanthe (Act II, No. 13), Weber says:

"In this duet, the true expression of a surging passion must be left to the feeling of singers and conductor. Experience has taught me that too precise indications as to time and expressions are apt to caricature the composer's intentions."

After having given the metronomic annotations for the opera, Weber proceeds:

"It is the individuality of the singer which gives the real colouring to each part. One and the same piece will receive an entirely different reading from a singer gifted with a smooth, flexible voice from that given to it by the possessor of a grand-toned voice, and yet both may satisfy the composer in so far as they fully conceive and interpret, according to their respective individualities, the gradation of passion indicated by him. It is for the conductor to control the singer, and to restrain him from that rendering of the part which at the first impulse may appear to him most convenient. In passage-expression special care must be taken that the movement and colouring of the piece do not suffer from the indifferent rendering of a roulade. It is preferable that the singer, who is unable to give with ardent passion the last passages in the air of 'Eglantine,' should simplify them, than that the spirit of the whole piece should be chilled. Less harm will be done to the work by omitting altogether the revenge-breathing air of Elvira in the opera of *Opferfest*, than by rendering it in the style of a tame solfeggio. To blend singing and orchestra in the rhythmical movement of a piece will ever be, and remain, one of the greatest difficulties; for there is a natural contradistinction between singing and instruments, especially stringed instruments, which divide time sharply like beats of a pendulum, whilst in singing, breathing and articulating must necessarily produce a more waving rhythm. Truth of expression demands a melting together of these contradictory peculiarities. Time should never be a tyrannical mill-work; it is in music what the pulse is in the human body. There is no slow movement in which there may not occur the necessity of an 'accelerando,' in order to avoid a sensation of dragging; there is no 'presto' in which passages may not be found requiring a 'ritardando' if the means of true expression are not to be lost in the hurry."

"Heaven forbid that these remarks should induce any singer to adopt that lunatic manner of execution which consists in the arbitrary distortion of a few bars, painfully suggesting to the listener the limb-distorting feats of an acrobat! The *accelerando*, no more than the *ritardando*, should ever produce a jerking sensation; a true poetical expression does not admit of fits and starts. These modifications of time and expression must, therefore, only take effect on periods and complete phrases. In a duet two contrasting characters may each demand a very different rendering; take, as an instance, the duet between Licinius and the High Priest in the *Vestale*, in which the characteristic effect is the greater the calmer and quieter the sentences of the High Priest the more passionately the phrases of Licinius are uttered. We have no means of denoting all this in the score. It must be felt in our own heart, and if wanting there, neither the metronome nor my imperfect, and, according to my own experience, almost superfluous annotations, will give much assistance."

The orthodox mathematical rectitude in matters of time, to the detriment of expression, which Beethoven was perhaps the first to break, but which in this country has been strictly and stiffly adhered to as a matter of faith up to a certain period, will perhaps be somewhat shaken by the words of so high and undisputed an authority as Weber, applying as they do to the interpretation of one of his own works.—*Concert Programme-book of the Glasgow Choral Union.*

—o—
MADRID.
(Correspondence.)

M. Faure, for substantial and easily understood reasons, has declined to assist at the Madrid festivities. Mlle Donnadio has not been as successful as was anticipated; nor has Mlle Heilbron been more fortunate. Mad. Pauline Lucca, who was to have sung fifteen times at the Opera, threw up her engagement after six performances.

WAIFS.

Ole Bull has been giving concerts in Vienna.

The Recreios Theatre at Lisbon has been burnt down.

A Wagnerian Association, called the Order of the Holy Graal, has been established at Munich.

Sig. Monteverde, the sculptor, has completed a new statue of Sigismund Thalberg, pronounced admirable as a likeness and a work of art.

A Bostonian stepped into the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and, seeing nobody but coloured porters, said: "What! are you all coloured, here?"—"No, sah," was the reply; "de guests is white."

Mr Ernest Durham announces a recital of pianoforte music on February 20th at the new "Steinway Hall," when he will play, for the first time in England, on one of Steinway's "centennial" grand pianofortes.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of Mr George Fox, the part of Valentine, in *Faust*, was, on the 2nd inst., undertaken at short notice by Mr George Marler. Mr Mapleson was lucky in finding so ready and able a substitute.

A public school of music is about to be opened in Cork, the Corporation having made a grant under the authorization of an amendment to the Libraries and Museums Act, passed last session. Cork was the first city in the kingdom to endow an art school out of the rates, and is the first to do the same for music.

The Queen's Theatre at Wigan, a wooden structure, was burnt down on Monday night, January 4th. The performance concluded shortly after half-past ten, the place was locked up, and everybody had left; but about eleven o'clock flames were seen issuing from the roof of the building over the stage. When the firemen arrived the place was one mass of flames. It was found impossible to save the building, and efforts were mainly directed to prevent the flames extending to the surrounding property, in which the brigade was successful.

Die Triester Zeitung, speaking of a recent concert in Trieste, given by Fräulein Zamara and Herr Sahla, says:—

"The concert was well opened by the first movement of Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, played by Miss Leonilda Ziffer, Messrs Sahla and Magrini. The little 14-year old pianist performed also the well-known Fantasia (Impromptu?) by Chopin, and delighted by her agility and correct interpretation, doing all honour to the teaching of her master, Mr Bix. In the Toccata, by Lewy, the little lady surprised us by the clearness and power with which she interpreted this difficult piece. We share in the generally expressed opinion that in her we welcome a rising talent which promises to blossom into an important artiste by further thorough development."

THE English Opera Season at Her Majesty's Theatre will close this evening, as the Italian Opera Season will (we are given to understand) commence at an unusually early period. During the brief recess the house (we are informed) is to be re-decorated, and, among other structural improvements, additional staircases are (we are advised) to be constructed on both sides of the house, improving the access to the pit tier and the grand tier.

THE LILY WREATH.*

As we stood together side by side,	And when the altar we knelt before,
On the noon of a springtide day,	She, in her glistening robes, my bride,
Where the old elms rose in lofty pride.	With delicate blushings sweeping o'er
Yielding shade from each ardent ray.	Her lovely cheek in a rosy tide,
White lilies I cul'd, and with soft	Then there shone, 'mid the orange buds,
carresses, [bright tresses,	lilies fair [golden hair,
Twain'd the snowy blooms in my love's	In the wreath that encircled her
But there came a day I saw them place	
Sweet blooms round a cold, white brow—	
'Twas when I gaz'd on my dead wife's face!	
Yes, my darling hath left me now!	
And my heart bends low o'er a flower-deck'd tomb,	
Where her favourite lilies each springtide bloom.	

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

ROTTERDAM.—A Wagner concert, in which 200 singers and 75 instrumentalists take part, is to be given by Rotte's Mannerchoor (Choral Association for Male Voices). The programme includes the "Liebesmahl der Apostel," the "*Faust* Overture," the "Funeral March" from *Die Götterdämmerung*, the "Kaisermarsch," and the *Siegfried* "Idyll."

OPPOSITE.*

<p>'Tis at the window opposite A face I oft times see: I hope, but then I'm not quite sure, That she perchance sees me. A little head, with rich brown hair, Entwin'd in many a braid; The downcast eyes I long to see, To raise she seems afraid. A charm in ev'ry movement lies, And gentle grace hath she; Ah, could I woo the maiden who Lives opposite to me!</p>	<p>Behind a curtain, hidden quite, She sometimes sits at morn; And in the lamp's clear, softened light I oft descri her form. And song and music meet mine ear, A voice so rare and sweet; And when I pass'd one day, there fell A rosebud at my feet. If e'er I sing, she listens there; Hope whispers then to me, I yet may woo the maiden who Lives opposite to me.</p>
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* Copyright.

M. X. HAYES.

LEIPSIC.—An overture by Herr C. Schulz-Schwerin to Goethe's *Torquato Tasso* was performed at the thirteenth Gewandhaus concert. The composer himself conducted.

BREMEN.—Mad. Joachim and Johannes Brahms were the attraction at the sixth Concert-Evening. The lady sang Maria's scene from her husband's *Demetrius*, an air from Gluck's *Alceste*, and songs by Brahms, while the composer himself directed the performance of his "Schicksalied" and first Symphony.

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